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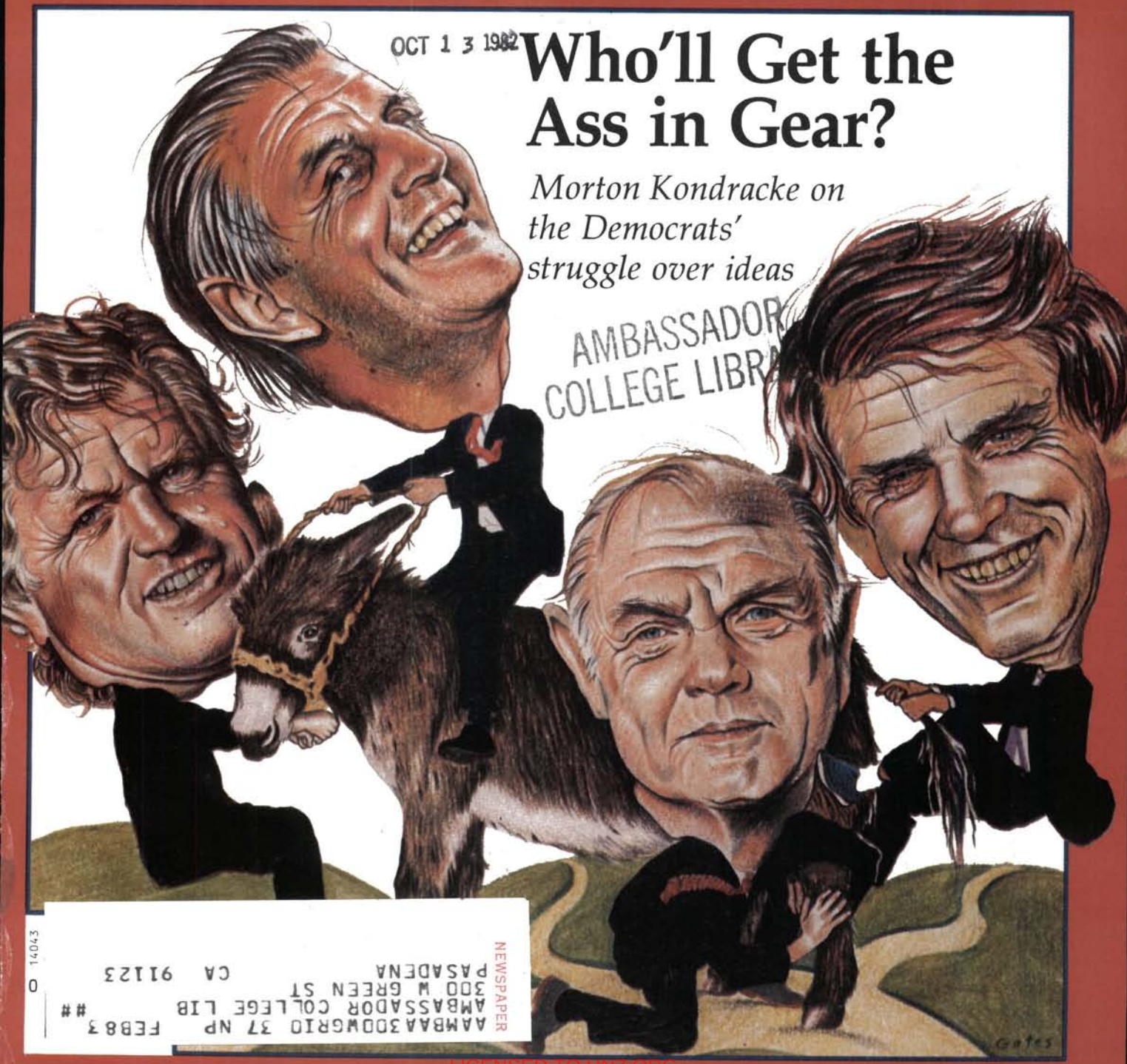

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CORRESPONDENCE

PRESERVING THE PAST

To the editors:

Amity Shlaes's look at the fiscal crisis plaguing our National Archives ("Broken Records," TNR, September 20 & 27) was an uncommonly thoughtful and fair treatment of a problem affecting many similar institutions. In fact, her concluding recommendation that the NARS should seek a head similar to Vartan Gregorian of the New York Public Library is more accurate than even Miss Shlaes might realize.

Several years ago I spent eight months in the reading room of New York's magnificent library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, poring over bound periodicals published from 1914 to 1920. The condition of the magazines observed—some sixty titles—varied from poor to horrid. Many were so yellowed and brittle that the pages crumbled at the touch. These are magazines that in a very real sense document the America of the World War I era: *Century, American Magazine, Collier's, Everybody's Magazine,* and many more.

The situation takes on added seriousness when one discovers that in quite a few instances the NYPL's copy of a particular magazine is the *only* copy in any U.S. library. And, due to inadequate funds, these issues have not been photographed for microfilm.

We should all be concerned with this irreparable loss. Perhaps Barbara Tuchman *was* a bit dramatic when she compared the fate of the National Archives to that of the library in Alexandria in the third century B.C. Her point might have been more compellingly made had she compared it to the library in New York in the twentieth century A.D. For there our history is even now literally turning into dust.

JOHN TESSITORE
Worldview Magazine
New York, New York

SMASHING STEREOTYPES

To the editors:

Having just read Joseph Nocera's article, "The Book-Banning Brawl" (TNR, September 13), I am furious. I find myself in general agreement with his analysis of the book-banning problem. The description of the Moral Majority's Michael Ferris as "... such a model of reasonableness that he stood the stereotype on its head" was particularly well phrased.

Why then was Nocera so naive as to describe librarians as "... tremulous, myopic, inoffensive" individuals who "... love books better than people"? Perhaps if I were to tremulously remove my glasses and punch him out it would help stand yet another stereotype on its head.

CONNIE J. PYLE
Assistant Reference Librarian
Mills College
Oakland, California

VISTA'S VISION

To the editors:

Ann Hulbert's article ("VISTA's Lost Horizons," TNR, August 30) has all the rhetorical elegance of the literary criticism which is her customary beat. Unfortunately, as political analysis it is at best disingenuous. THE NEW REPUBLIC, of all publications, knows that the VISTA director under President Carter did not preside over a quintessentially Tocquevillian volunteer program which the Reagan Administration ought to preserve as a vehicle for "self-help" among the poor. The Administration is regularly attacked for cutting money from the poor. In fact, it has courageously entered President Carter's Augean stables to undertake a clean-up job for which most Americans would be grateful, if our major media would let them in on it.

Which raises the logical question: why not maintain a responsibly administered VISTA? Certainly the President's commitment to voluntarism, which through recognition alone has already accomplished a revitalization of local and private forms of assistance to the poor, is deep and abiding and instinctively reflective of what works in this country. And certainly VISTA is currently supporting projects which, quite simply, do good.

The answer is complex. As Ms. Hulbert correctly concludes, there is no fine line between antipoverty activities and politics. Creative efforts often entail conflict. The choice comes down to either allowing federal funds to weigh in heavily on one side of such conflicts, warping the natural politics of a locality out of all recognition, denying thereby an enduring solution and guaranteeing only the perpetually renewed conflict on which ideologues thrive; or spending about $7,000 a year per volunteer for unobjectionable, meliorative activities which have little need for a Washington designer label, and which may, in any Administration, be employed for political purposes.

The federal role ought to be that which the ACTION agency is attempting to implement: the light, but dynamic touch of small amounts of money and advice. This, Ms. Hulbert says, lacks a "vision of voluntarism." Precisely. Ordinary people were better at creating such a vision, long before there was VISTA, and will do so long after.

CONSTANCE HORNER
Director, VISTA
Washington, D.C.

IRISH 'GENOCIDE'

To the editors:

Near the conclusion of his review of my book, *Paddy's Lament,* F. S. L. Lyons says: "Gallagher ... ends his study by invoking the ghost of the 'Paddy' of the nineteenth century, a ghost that" (and here he quotes from the last sentence of my book) " 'haunts not only Irish memory, but also the halls and chambers of Westminster Palace, where Parliament tried for so long, without success, to do him in.' " Mr. Lyons then says: "This is, of course, the genocidal argument that reputable historians do not accept" (TNR, September 6).

This is a complete distortion of both the intent and purport of my book, and it could only have been deliberate in view of the following verifiable facts: (1) On page 85 of my book I say in the clearest language that "there is no historical evidence implicating the British government in a conspiracy to exterminate the population of Ireland...." (2) In the same chapter and in several other places in the "Doomed Country" section, I underscore the fact, with direct quotes, documentation, footnotes, etc., that many British politicians and Protestant bishops and ministers believed the famine to be the work of God and beyond the control of man. Some politicians went so far as to call it a "God-send" to the "Irish Question," while Protestant bishops called it a "punishment" for Britain's allowing "Popery" to perpetuate itself in Ireland. None of

continued on page 38

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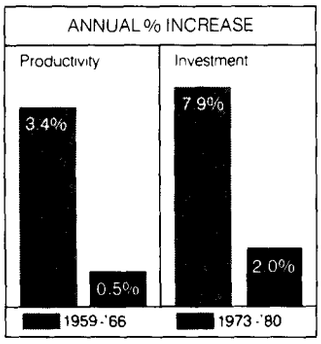
It died of unnatural causes.

Too many factories in too many American cities are dying. Unnecessarily and prematurely. They are the products of an unproductive economy. Our economy.

Not long ago, we all thought it just couldn't happen here.

The fact is, however, that the United States has the highest percentage of obsolete plants, the lowest percentage of capital investment and the lowest growth of productivity of any major industrial country.

That didn't happen overnight, of course. This chart points out just how much, and how rapidly, our economy has declined:



Comparing the early 60's with the late 70's, America's average annual growth in productivity was lower by 85%. Allowing for inflation, *real* investment growth in plants, machinery and equipment dropped by 74%.

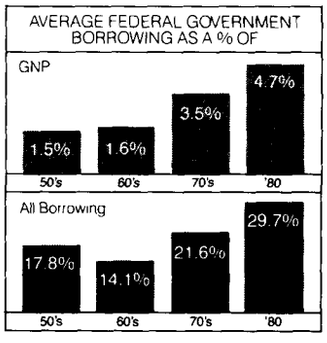
No one can expect labor to produce without tools. But since 1975, there's been a steady decline in the amount of capital per worker in this country.

A close examination of our economic illness points to one major cause: An overdose of government.

Ever increasing levels of government spending and borrowing have squeezed productive industry out of credit markets.

Without credit, businesses cannot buy the plant and equipment they need to expand and increase their productivity.

This chart shows the growing impact of government borrowing as a percentage of GNP and of total borrowing over a thirty-year period:



As the government expanded its borrowing, private industry cut back. To reverse this trend, growth in government spending must be slowed in the years ahead.

Hidden in all these statistics are countless human losses: Lost jobs, lost incomes–lost dreams.

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And now, by cutting taxes, eliminating excess regulation and by providing the impetus to reduce the size of the federal government, President Reagan has supplied us all with new incentives. We must make the most of them immediately.

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE NRA UNDER FIRE

Oh, the ignominy of it all! If California passes Proposition 15 on November 2, as seems likely, no resident will be allowed to carry a handgun unless registered, and if caught doing so will face a mandatory six months in jail. Is the nation going soft? Other states may follow California, as they did a few years back when it enacted Proposition 13 to control the property tax. The issue of gun control has become one of the most sensitive subjects in the country in recent years. Polls show that the ordinary citizen wants tighter control. Most experts link guns and crime. There have been five national crime commissions, each of which has recommended tighter restriction. Last month a Justice Department study said that 30 percent of the nation's households—nearly twenty-five million homes—were touched by crime in 1981.

But the belligerent National Rifle Association denies that guns and crime are connected. It ardently opposes legislation to limit the sale of firearms. It's even against restricting teflon-coated bullets that can pierce a policeman's protective vest. The average member of Congress is afraid of it. To the NRA, restriction of handguns means restriction of rifles and shotguns. There is something mystical in this feeling. Other countries don't have our untrammeled traditions, do they? In 1980 England and Canada each had only eight handgun murders, according to the Justice Department. The United States had 11,522. A comparison like that makes a lot of Americans squirm, but the NRA says that firearms aren't to blame: "Guns don't kill, people do." Doesn't it show we're virile and independent, they ask? In most parts of the country it is as easy to get a handgun as a library card. There are 170,000 gun dealers in America. Now California, a state that has a tenth of the U.S. population would change all that.

In 1977 the NRA tossed moderates out of its leadership, and now Harlon Carter, a former Texas Border Patrol officer with a bellicose swagger, runs the place. "Don't trust a politician who won't trust you with a gun," Carter says. The NRA's present membership is around 2.3 million. The organization has a well-organized, passionately concerned constituency, and it can send off a hundred thousand letters or telegrams to Congress at the touch of a button. It terrifies politicians.

But the NRA is clearly worried by the present referendum. Proposition 15 would require registration of all handguns in the state, limit the number in circulation, and mandate a six-month sentence for carrying an unregistered, concealed handgun in public. Purchase or possession of long guns would be exempt from the law. This doesn't satisfy Harlon Carter. In his latest fundraising appeal, he says, "In 1980 we helped elect many U.S. Congressmen who believe in less government intrusion into our most basic right—of firearms ownership and self-protection. . . . Never before has the hysterical anti-gun lobby been more organized and better funded." The NRA reports contributions of $465,000 for the local fight, supplied in part by the arms manufacturers themselves. It boasts of a computerized mailing list of 600,000 activists.

The NRA has reason for concern. Recent polls indicate that trouble may lie ahead. An affiliate of NRA, Citizens Against the Gun Initiative, recently likened public sentiment to "a forest fire that threatens to rage throughout the country." Many think Proposition 15 will set a pattern; if it wins it is likely to spread. There hasn't been a state-wide gun referendum since the one in Massachusetts a few years back. Voters defeated it largely because it proposed to buy guns from owners, and that would have cost a pile of money. Since then Massachusetts has instituted a milder law which has had some success: at any rate, Boston gun robberies have gone down 35 percent and gun murders 50 percent.

Hating gun control appears to fit into the special litany of the far right, along with social issues like school busing, school prayer, and abortion. In the *Conservative Digest*, published by right-winger Richard Viguerie, I find an advertisement by a periodical published in Marion, Ohio, called *Political Gun News*. It charges that "liberal politicians and bureaucrats" are plotting "to take your guns away." It is hard for a foreign observer to understand this sentiment; it sounds like a Fascist or Phalangist appealing against unstated underground forces.

But increasing numbers of people are coming out in favor of gun control. A 1981 Associated Press-NBC News poll asked, "Do you favor a law that would require a person to obtain a permit before he or she could buy a handgun?" Seventy-one percent said yes. What is strange, really, is that this sentiment does not have more effect on Congress. It is here that the blockage occurs. As sociologist Elliott Currie puts it: "The continuing massacre in the streets and homes of America—a massacre without parallel in the developed world—is a direct result of the vacuum of honest and creative public policy."

The White House gives little leadership. Look at President Reagan, who was almost killed by a handgun last year, but who doesn't mention gun control in his new anticrime proposals to Congress. Maybe California will send a signal. Recently Chicago and Morton Grove, Illinois, and San Francisco passed antihandgun measures. Big California papers support the present referendum. Police chiefs back it. Meanwhile, in a queer twist, lawyers for James Brady, the White House press secretary who suffered permanent injury in the attempt on Reagan's life, have brought a $70-million damage suit against the makers of the gun that shot him down. Parts were made in West Germany and the gun assembled in Miami. It is an easily concealed, lightweight, .22 caliber, snub-nosed, cut-rate handgun, number L731332. The brief in federal court argues that gun manufacturers have social responsibility for selling such monsters. It would be good to pin responsibility on somebody somewhere.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 18, 1982

WINDOW PAIN

Ronald Reagan came to Washington in the belief that the United States is an unsafe place to live. He described the danger as a "window of vulnerability." Behind this slogan, which Mr. Reagan put to good political use during his campaign, lies a problem with which American military planners have been grappling since the early 1970s: how to protect the United States's intercontinental ballistic missile force from Soviet attack. They did not need such protection until the Soviet Union developed what is known as a counterforce capability, which is the ability to strike accurately at specific military targets from very far away. Such a capability, argue the alarmists in the American defense community, alters the very structure of deterrence, which is founded upon the fear of retaliation. They say that the vulnerability of America's ICBM relieves the Russians of that fear, because they may believe that it is within their power to destroy all the missiles that might have destroyed them. In a situation in which a war looks likely, they might be tempted to strike first.

A way must be found to shut the window, to enable our missiles to survive a Soviet attack in sufficient force to strike back. This much is true. But the Administration's experts believe more. If the United States is compelled to concede the loss of the land-based leg of its "strategic triad" of land, sea, and air forces, they argue, we must think again about the components of our national security. Many members of the defense community have been calling for such a rethinking for years. Colin Gray, a state-of-the-art hawk who is advising the Administration, wrote some years ago that ICBM vulnerability would be "the question of the decade" in the 1980s, and that it would be "an event so momentous that its anticipation should be the occasion for a fundamental review of strategic doctrine."

The "window" is a genuine problem. The Reagan Administration, like its predecessor, has preferred, at least in public, to revise its technology before it revises its doctrine. The solution, according to our strategists, lies in the manner in which the missiles are deployed. The United States can't do anything about the accuracy of Soviet missiles (except not exaggerate it); what it can do is make its own missiles harder to find. The answer is basing. Since Soviet missiles can strike a fixed target, American missiles must not be a fixed target. Two mobile basing schemes have been considered. There was the scheme, favored by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, which proposed that the missiles be mounted on launchers that would be kept airborne; it was known as "Big Bird" (an appropriately childish name, taken from "Sesame Street"), and was rejected by Mr. Reagan, as it was by Mr. Carter, because the Air Force advised that it would not work. It also would have meant a new fleet of bombers. Another scheme, which the Carter Pentagon favored, called for mounting the missiles upon launchers that would be shuttled among 4,600 "protective shelters" along a track; this scheme—in the same spirit as "Big Bird," let's call it "Lionel Trains"—was also rejected, though less for technical than political reasons. The states in which the track would have been laid refused to hear of it, and there was the prospect, too, of litigious environmentalists. Last year Mr. Gray proposed his own version of this scheme. "Ideally," he wrote, "one would deploy modestly dimensioned ICBMs in trailer trucks and conceal them within the traffic flow of the nation's highway system." He glumly observed, however, that such a system ("Highway Patrol"?) is simply not feasible "for reasons of democratic politics."

But the failure to find a means for securing the land-based missiles calls into question something much more specific and controversial than the common defense. The MX will be voted down in Congress if its survivability is not guaranteed; the staggering sums it would require must not be spent only to repeat an American disadvantage. Of course, the "window" is "open" on the Minuteman as well. In fact, the future of all our land-based missiles is at stake.

The President has promised Congress a basing

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scheme by December 1, and it looks like it is going to be "Dense Pack." "Dense Pack" is not a new idea. In 1976 for example, an article called "Strategic Vulnerability: The Balance Between Prudence and Paranoia" appeared in the journal *International Security*. The authors wrote to reassure Americans that their ICBMs are not endangered, but are only made to seem so by the kinds of calculations used by the experts to measure the danger. These calculations left out something that the authors called "interference":

> Since the land-based missiles of the United States are concentrated on a few bases, the Soviet Union could not conduct an approximately simultaneous attack with several warheads per silo without having some of the attacking warheads either deflected or effectively destroyed by previous explosions in the attack sequence—explosions resulting from earlier attacks on the same silos and on nearby silos.

Soviet missiles, in other words, would interfere with themselves. Whether they were detonated upon reaching their target (a "surface burst") or above their target (an "air burst"), the heat of the fire, the winds of the blast, and the density of the debris caused by the explosion would prevent any further Soviet missiles from reaching their targets. The rest of America's missiles would be protected by the destruction caused by Russia's missiles at the scene of their first strike.

This is the theory behind "Dense Pack," except that the new plan is designed to increase the probability and the extent of such Soviet self-destruction by concentrating the MX in a *single* area. All of our missiles are to go in one basket. The plan calls for the initial deployment of one hundred MX missiles about 2,000 feet apart in an area of ten to twelve square miles. The detonation of Soviet warheads in this area would set off the effects described above, which are known as "fratricide." The SS-18 Cains will slay the SS-18 Abels in the air above our base, while the MXs wait in their silos below, their brothers' keepers. Before the next wave of Soviet missiles arrives, the MXs would leave their silos and make the second strike, exactly as the theory of mutual assured destruction says they should. Deterrence may be saved, in other words, if we densely pack it.

There are obvious objections to be made about such a plan, even by the technically untutored. The nuclear storm that might prevent Soviet missiles from a successful landing might also prevent American missiles from a successful launching. The MXs destined for a second strike might not get through the purgatory above them; and the Russians could paralyze our entire force by setting off small warheads at a proper altitude above it. The Soviets, moreover, could stagger their strikes, waiting for the storms above our force to pass. But the appropriate American response to a staggered Soviet strategy might be "launch-on-warning" or "launch-under-attack," in which the President could authorize a massive retaliatory strike against the Soviet Union to preempt the prolonged assault upon our "pack." Most of our MXs would be fired while they were under attack; they would have to leave the ground if they are not to be destroyed on the ground. They would be saved, then, but only by being used. The hideous strike against the Soviet Union would have been justified by the firing of only a few Soviet missiles; but this is exactly the kind of instant escalation to total thermonuclear war that American strategists have always sought to avoid, not least for reasons of morality. ("Launch-on-warning" is also an invitation to a nuclear war by accident. The warning may be false.)

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM posed by "Dense Pack" is much greater than that posed by "Lionel Trains." There is certainly no community in America that would consider living alongside all our ICBMs. They would have to be based far away from any community—a forest of missiles in the desert. But this will fulfill the Soviets' wildest counterforce dreams. The possibility of "collateral damage," of unconscionable civilian casualties, will have been removed for the entire American land-based force. The Soviets will have been completely freed of any moral inhibition about the first strike. "Dense Pack" promises a nuclear holocaust only for missiles. (Some have suggested that the Minuteman should not, therefore, be retired, but still the problem of vulnerability remains.)

In fact, "Dense Pack" will not free the Soviets from their inhibitions about the first strike, but not because the plan has merit. The Soviets will not strike first, "Dense Pack" or not, and even MX or not. The American deterrent consists of more than these missiles. The United States can retaliate against the Soviet Union with a second strike even if all of its land-based leg was lost. Our submarine-launched missiles see to that. Submarines are less vulnerable than silos, no matter how the latter are set up; and for this reason such advocates of arms control as Hans Bethe have supported the Trident II, the next generation of submarine missiles. The theory of deterrence, then, is not threatened by the "window of vulnerability." It has always been based upon a redundance of power. The strategic doctrines that have dominated American planning never gave to land-based missiles a pride of place in American defense; compensation for the crippling of this leg always existed in the form of the other two legs. Those who seek to make deterrence stand or fall upon basing schemes for the MX are deceiving the American people. They oppose deterrence for their own reasons—the corridors of the Pentagon are now crowded with critics of deterrence—but they will not let a political opportunity pass.

"Dense Pack" cannot be taken seriously from a military standpoint, but it must be taken seriously indeed from a political standpoint. There are a number of political uses to which the problem of MX basing

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may be put. The hawks seize upon it as a way of demonstrating that rational American doctrine must be revised. The failure to find a plausible means of missile deployment on land fans the fear of Soviet strategic superiority, and prepares the ground for what is next on the hawks' agenda—ballistic missile defense. The "Dense Pack" controversy is almost certainly the prelude to a new ABM debate. The 1972 ABM Treaty is reviewed every five years, and this is one of the critical years. The American public can expect to hear more and more about breakthroughs in the technology of ballistic missile defense, and about the extent to which they may providentially compensate for the absence of any breakthrough in the technology of missile deployment. The argument will be heard again that the defense against nuclear missiles makes the world more safe, when in fact it makes it less safe, because it makes nuclear missiles less inhibiting to use. It will be the hawks who will be most satisfied if "Dense Pack" fails. This is not as ironic as it seems.

There is another political use to which "Dense Pack" may be put. It may be seen as the military attempt to make arms control politically plausible. The United States must make the MX work—that is, it must make the MX menace the Soviet Union—if it is to be traded for the SS-18s at the bargaining table; and it is the essential goal of the United States in strategic arms negotiations with the Soviet Union to do something about the SS-18s. The loony ingenuities of the Pentagon must not be exactly ridiculed. They serve the proper purpose of keeping the issue of the SS-18s alive. No START agreement will be acceptable to America that does not meet this Soviet threat.

This much, at least, may be said for "Dense Pack": the Russians cannot be sure that it will *not* work. The scheme makes a virtue out of Soviet uncertainty and thereby complicates Soviet planning. Militarily, of course, this is faint praise, but politically it may suffice to make the Russians seriously consider controls upon their own missiles. "Dense Pack" just might work; and in a nuclear war the burden of proof is on the attacker. Will the Soviet Union risk its own destruction because American basing systems are not perfect?

It may be that no perfect basing system will ever be devised, that there will be no way to install the MX, or any other such missile, with absolute safety. The United States would do well to face up to the fact that this portion of its forces may be permanently vulnerable. American planners must honestly examine the requirements of our national security in a post-ICBM world. They must not wed American strategy to doctrinal or technological dogmas. The land-based missile served us well for decades, and serves us still, but we must be ready to look beyond it for the better part of our defense.

The situation, to be sure, is not desperate. The uncertain condition of land-based missiles should worry the Soviet Union more than the United States. Of their 8,000 nuclear missiles, 6,000 are just such ICBMs; three-quarters of their strategic forces, in other words, are in the "window." Only 2,000 of our 9,500 missiles are. We are not, moreover, without other defenses. Remove our ICBMs, and we can still inflict upon the Soviet Union much more damage than it will be willing to accept. We must finally understand that our security rests not upon the perfect weapon, but upon the diversity of our arsenal. And the introduction of air-launched and sea-launched cruise missiles in the 1980s will make our strategic triad into a strategic pentad.

Most important, the strategic senescence of land-based missiles does not mean that deterrence is obsolete. Right-wing revisionism is not warranted by the predicament of the ICBM. The proper response is not a criticism of the deterrence, but a criticism of the arms race. After all, it was in the nature of the arms race that the Russians would acquire a counterforce capability, just as they will one day acquire a capability for effective antisubmarine warfare (or ASW, the most dreaded acronym of all). What we need is not panic, then, but arms control. A basing system for the MX must be found, certainly, for negotiations to get off the ground. But if it is not, ballistic missile defense will not do the trick. We must not perversely secure the MX for START by violating the only treaty that works. That would weaken arms control for the sake of arms control, and debase deterrence in its own name.

NOTEBOOK

□ IN KEEPING with our policy of not reviewing books by TNR contributing editors and associates, we do not review books published by New Republic Books, a licensed imprint of Holt, Rinehart and Winston. But we are pleased to announce the publication of *Libyan Sandstorm, The Complete Account of Qaddafi's Revolution* by John K. Cooley, a veteran Mideast correspondent who is now with ABC News in London.

□ GENERAL WILLIAM WESTMORELAND, retired, knows how to strike a heroic pose. His friends told him not to bother suing CBS for $120 million over a documentary that charged him with having fiddled the figures on enemy troop strength during the Vietnam War. But he told a press conference that he is determined "to go to battle once again." Even though he has been "reviled, burned in effigy, spat upon," he said, he decided he could not "leave the field" once he reflected upon "the troops I commanded and sent to battle, and those who never returned." Braggadocio and self-pity may be forgivable in this case, but General Westmoreland goes too far when he tries to sign up the nation's Vietnam War dead as co-plaintiffs in his lawsuit.

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□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Mr. Hoover is staking everything on the end of the depression. He has been doing so ever since it began, and has repeatedly made the most terrible blunders by believing, over and over, that it was terminating when it wasn't. But Mr. Roosevelt is also gambling on the end of the depression, in his own way. He obviously believes that it can be weathered without making any serious alteration in the economic structure of our society; that we can pull through by shortening sail and putting a few of the passengers at the pumps. He would only be normally human if he now took it for granted, without thinking carefully about it, that as soon as he is in office, things will get better. Perhaps they will. But it is only common sense to remember that perhaps they won't. This may be a ten-year depression instead of a three-year one." ("Waiting for 1936," by Bruce Bliven, October 19, 1932.)

THE GILDED AGE

BROOKING NONSENSE

IN THESE DAYS of shame about what we are doing to the least of our brethren, there is always Millicent Fenwick. That is to say, there is always the belief that the old-line families of mellowed money, however wrong they may be on the capital gains tax question, will not stand for bullying the weak. When we read about a white mob in Brooklyn murdering a black man because he stopped to buy a bagel, or about a young black athlete of high academic promise apparently done in by California police officers of low character, there is Millicent Fenwick. And she's not the only one. What about all those lockjaw types who demand that the rules of the game be fair and fairly enforced. She is representative of her class, isn't she?

Consider: a poll taken by the Harvard Alumni Office in connection with a twenty-fifth reunion reveals that only 37 percent of the members of the Princeton class of 1957 could bring themselves to assent to the statement, "Blacks and whites have equal intelligence on the average." Among Yalies of that vintage, it was 46 percent. Even Harvard '57 was no landslide: a bare majority, 54 percent, checked the "agree" box.

Consider further: at yet another Ivy institution, right-wing students under the tutelage of English professor Jeffrey Hart publish *The Dartmouth Review* (see "Rag-Time at Dartmouth," by Robin Davis, TNR, August 16 & 23), which recently ran a piece on the college's affirmative action program. It read, in part: "Dese boys be sayin' dat we be comin' here to Dartmut' and not takin' the classics. You know, Homa, Shakespeare. . . . We be takin' hard courses in many subjects like Afro-Am studies, Women's Studies and Policy Studies. Who be mouthin' 'bout us not bein' good read? I be practicly knowin' *Roots* cova to cova, 'til my mine be boogying to da words." An angry faculty of arts and sciences overwhelmingly voted that it "deplores the abuses of responsible journalism that have been a regular practice of *The Dartmouth Review*." So there are some true Millicent Fenwick types at her kind of institution. These incidents serve not to prove that ivy is racist and that preppy is bigoted, but that one ought not to presume one way or the other, that one should judge on a case by case basis. Which brings me to that most ivy of Washington centers for policy and research, the Brookings Institution.

BEHIND BROOKINGS is money as old as Millicent Fenwick's—not double-knit, vulgar, Texas-type money, but wing-tipped, button-down, Connecticut-type money. The trustees are made up of guys who knew each other at school, stock jobbers and mouthpieces like Bobby Roosa, Gene Black, Dougie Dillon, and Lefty Lou Cabot. Now Brookings has published a book called *Blacks and the Military* as part of its series of "Studies in Defense Policy . . . the results of disinterested professional analysis of defense postures, policies and budgets." It is as tasteful as *The Dartmouth Review* is tasteless, and its language is as conventionally academic as the *Review*'s is insultingly unimaginative, but the values behind the two documents are pretty much the same. True, the people at Brookings aren't cruel, but they want blacks in the Army just about as badly as Jeff Hart and his students want them at Dartmouth.

The Brookings boys are cute about the way they attack their subject. They don't talk about quotas; instead they discuss the "overproportion of blacks" and "the prospect that as many as half the combat casualties in the early phases of a military engagement would be suffered by black soldiers." Their concern about this inequality of conjectural sacrifice is not matched by an equal concern about the rather more striking "overproportion" of whites among the trustees and staff of Brookings itself. A word of advice for those who are waiting for a study of the overrepresentation of whites on Wall Street: don't.

But that's the wrong way to look at the fact that thousands of black youths have found out that the Army is one place, maybe for them the only place, where, as the recruiting slogan has it, they can "be all [they] can be." Brookings cautions, "The debate should not be confined to racial considerations but should encompass the broader issues of *the role of military service in contemporary American society.*" (Italics theirs.)

Put in that sort of eyewash and you can write

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sentences like these and expect to get away with it: ". . . it is feared that an army composed of such a large proportion of blacks lacks legitimacy, both in the eyes of the American public and from the vantage point of the nation's allies and adversaries . . . the Soviets are likely to view a blacker U.S. military as a weaker U.S. military. Moreover, some of America's allies have been increasingly critical of the quality of U.S. troops and the racial overtones in their criticism are unmistakable. But perceptions at home may be even more serious. Although the evidence is thin, speculation that the image of a 'black army' has cost the nation's military the support of the white middle class cannot be completely discounted."

Oh yes it can, and so can the motives of people who speculate in this way. To write about the waning support of the white middle class now, in 1982, when every survey shows that they are precisely the people who most favor increased military expenditures, tells you nothing about the nation's state of mind but much about Brookings's. That this "liberal" think tank published this work in the middle of a controversy over West German innkeepers refusing to serve black soldiers tells you how accurate it is to use that adjective, as it so often is, in front of the Brookings Institution's name. That Brookings would even bring up the idea that our military manpower policies, or any of our manpower policies, should be influenced by the well-known Soviet distaste for nonwhite people is ignoble.

THE WORST is yet to come. After wondering if a quota should be used to expel blacks from the Army because of bigotry from abroad, Brookings next questions the loyalty of black soldiers: "Suspicion that black troops might be unwilling to carry out their assignment in certain domestic situations . . . cannot be dismissed out of hand. . . . Less serious is anxiety about foreign involvement since, with the unlikely exception of an American intervention on the side of whites in a conflict against blacks (for example, to support the South African government) it is difficult to conceive of a situation in which black allegiance would be tested."

Unedifying stuff from any source, but especially so from one with such hoity-toity pretensions is Brookings. Of course, the institution's president, Bruce MacLaury, has written a foreword saying, "The views expressed herein are those of the authors and should not be ascribed to" his outfit, but that doesn't wash. He's not running a newspaper with an Op-Ed page. He's put the name of his organization on the cover, he describes the lead writer as "a senior fellow" in his outfit, and he thanks the foundations that put up the dough for this tract—the word study really doesn't apply. As they say, "You did the crime; you do the time."

In any case, with unemployment among young blacks at almost 60 percent, the Brookings Board of Trustees need not worry about the black soldier. In times past, white soldiers shot down striking white workers from their own class and ethnic backgrounds. There is no reason to imagine that blacks cannot be counted on to shoot down other blacks when the order is given. It's conscripts you can't trust. The French might still be fighting in Algeria if they hadn't made the mistake of using draftees. Ditto the Americans in Vietnam. Regular Army is reliable Army. Anyway, wars should be fought by people who need the work.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Tax breaks alone won't revive the ghetto.

URBAN ENTERPRISE FRAUD

DURING A MIDSUMMER visit to Baltimore, President Reagan had a vision which he said "reinspired" his faith in the doctrine of the urban enterprise zone. He saw free enterprise thriving amidst adversity. In the company of Mayor William Schaefer he passed ten minutes chatting with the forty employees of the Commercial Credit bindery at the edge of the Park Heights ghetto. For the rest of the morning Reagan told whoever was listening that "we've seen a vision today of our cities, and it works." What works, he repeated, was not direct federal funding to cities, which his Administration has cut drastically, but private initiative. And in order to stoke this powerful engine, he had proposed legislation to establish enterprise zones, distressed areas in which tax and perhaps regulatory concessions would be offered to persuade businesses to relocate or expand.

But the President, like the concept of enterprise zones, was surrounded by contradictions. Mayor Schaefer indecorously ushered Mr. Reagan to a sign detailing the sustained government involvement that had made possible both the bindery and the Park Circle Industrial Park in which it was located. The city prepared the site with funds from the Commerce Department's Economic Development Administration, which the Administration has abolished; made improvements with Community Development Block Grant funds, which have been cut; paid a private developer to provide technical assistance with CETA funds, also cut; and has used every possible revenue source a municipality can devise to attract business with cheap loans and tax-exempt financing.

Faith, of course, clears the hurdle of contradiction effortlessly. The zone has become a totem of the Reagan religion. It is removed not only from the social

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reality which it is intended to address, but also from the fairly modest and sensible ideas about tax incentives and job creation of which it purportedly consists. The enterprise zone is a piece of legislation, to be discussed and debated; but it is also a free-floating political fantasy. The zone idea first surfaced in England in 1977, and two years later supply-side proselytizer Arthur Laffer brought it to the attention of Representative Jack Kemp. Already a firm believer in the value of tax cuts, Kemp saw the enterprise zone as a way of fostering entrepreneurial, job-creating activity in the most inhospitable surroundings, and recreating the golden age of the small businessman waging the good, clean fight of capitalism. Kemp's attempt to design a bill around the enterprise zone concept attracted the attention of Robert Garcia, a liberal Representative from that shoo-in zone qualifier, the South Bronx. Garcia had a different past in mind: the neighborly South Bronx where he grew up, and where his aunt, as he likes to tell listeners, worked, shopped, and lived all within a few blocks. For Kemp the zone means job creation; for Garcia, inner-city revitalization.

Over the course of the next year, the bill was modified by the suggestions of a wide range of interested parties, endorsed by candidate and then President Reagan, and altered once again to satisfy the new Administration. None of these changes was radical. What has been completely altered, however, is the context of the legislation. Under Carter the enterprise zone would have been one among many efforts by the federal government to rescue inner cities; under Reagan it has become an antidote to the ills supposedly produced by those very federal efforts.

As it stands now, the "Enterprise Zone Tax Act of 1982" offers several major tax breaks. Businesses that locate in the zone will receive a credit equal to 10 percent of their payroll. Employees will receive a credit equal to 5 percent of their wages—in order, as Kemp's staff aides explain, to make work more attractive than welfare. Businesses that employ "disadvantaged individuals" will receive a credit equal to 50 percent of the employee's wages for three years, and a declining fraction for the next four. Capital gains taxes will be dismissed altogether. Investment in new plant and equipment will receive a 10 percent credit over and above the current 10 percent credit.

THERE IS NO SHORTAGE of reasons why these incentives are not likely to induce any businesses, or any of the right businesses, to locate in a slum, or to expand if already there. The failure of last year's massive tax breaks to do anything more than feed the federal deficit casts doubt on their value as a form of economic policy. And the existence of these tax advantages makes yet another round of them marginally less valuable. But even if businesses do respond to changes in the tax law, studies have repeatedly demonstrated that they do not relocate because of them, and many businesses do not even avail themselves of the abatements with which cities and states try to tempt them. And if businesses *can* be bribed into relocating, will $6,000 or so per employee per year be enough to make them hire people who have never had a steady job? "I don't want a tax credit for hiring and training people if it's going to hassle me," says Dan Henson, adviser on minority-owned business to Baltimore's principal business association. "There's not that much tax incentive in the world."

And then there's the small-business problem. Kemp has been powerfully influenced by the discovery of M.I.T. economist David Birch that 80 percent of new jobs come from small business, and that these businesses are too small and too numerous, and fail too often, to expect to benefit from traditional "targeted" aid. Small business, in other words, will make the enterprise zone go, and changes in the tax law can reach those firms when increments in federal aid could not. But tax credits don't do any good unless you make a profit, and most small businesses, and all new ones, make little or no profit. They need money immediately, to get going or to stay alive. Kemp and Garcia originally made a number of the credits refundable, meaning that the Treasury would pay an amount equal to the credit to unprofitable firms. But the Administration eliminated these provisions.

A FINAL POINT is that almost no one wholeheartedly supports enterprise zones except the Administration and Jack Kemp. Susanne Hiegel, a lobbyist for the National Conference of State Legislatures, describes the feelings of many of the group's members as "lukewarm." A National League of Cities meeting in April produced, according to the league's legislative analyst, William Barnes, "no general enthusiasm" for the bill. Many planners and specialists in the problems of cities denounce the idea outright. Even its proponents have lost some of their enthusiasm. An aide to Garcia explains that his boss supports the bill, in no small part, because "he knows that there's nothing else coming down the pike."

Still, you never know. Maybe it'll work. Nobody, after all, can point to received wisdom on urban policy with much pride. Transfer payments do create some harmful dependence, both by cities and individuals. Tax and regulatory burdens do make a difference to businessmen. And enterprise zones do appear to be relatively cheap—$300 million a year, according to a wild guess by the Treasury Department. That's only two-thirds of the entire appropriation for the popular Urban Development Action Grants for 1982. Jack Kemp thus offered to a Senate committee the most persuasive argument for the zones: "Should enterprise zones not succeed, we would be no worse off than before."

This noble conception has been comprehensively detailed in the 28-page background document that

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accompanied the President's enterprise zone bill. The document opens with a ritual castigation of "the old approach"—"massively bureaucratic" and profligate—and a brief sketch of the new approach. A primary recommendation for the enterprise zone is thus highlighted in boldface type—"No Appropriations."

After a discussion of the tax breaks, the document moves on to another bee in the Reagan bonnet—regulation. Though its fervor was moderated by the need for liberal support, the Administration still included in the background document suggestions that state governments "revise or abolish" occupational licensure laws and usury laws. As Susanne Hiegel says, "How would you feel if a barber came at your throat with a straight razor" and no license? How would you feel if you had to pay 40 percent interest on your credit card or car loan?

CRITICS OF THE ZONE IDEA have pointed out that devastated areas are tough places to do business, and the Administration has agreed that improved local services are essential. But no direct federal grants will be forthcoming, and with the reduced federal commitment, cities will not be able to add much to a strained budget. So the answer is ending the "government monopoly" on municipal services. While some limited experiments have shown that the private sector can pick up garbage more efficiently than a city and that community groups can do better at managing day-care centers, the Administration suggests that practically everything short of public safety could be turned over to the private sector in zone areas. Perhaps the private sector could pay teachers less to get them to locate in the South Bronx.

This vision of a stateless utopia in the ghetto, with "large shopping crowds" attracted by a "potential boom," is capped by an un-Republican peroration to the virtues of community control. The Administration's background documents close with a detailed description of Neighborhood Enterprise Associations. These NEAs would issue Class A and Class B stock, thus transforming a slum into a joint-stock company. They will take over virtually all functions of government. They will "rebuild communal social structures and value systems." They will "serve as focal points for voluntary, self-help efforts by the zone residents and others." They will establish "little league teams" and "scout groups." Right there in the ghetto.

Back in the real world, Baltimore is busy proving that the urban policy that the Democrats left behind can be used to great advantage. Baltimore hasn't missed out on a federal program in a quarter of a century, but it has learned to absorb them with the active involvement of the Mayor's office, the private sector, and community groups. Driving down Baltimore's Pennsylvania Avenue, you can see the enormous, glum housing projects of the 1950s on the one side, and spruce, small-scale public housing with lawns and fences on the other. In the Ridgely's Delight neighborhood, not far from the famed Harborplace, you can see tidy brick townhouses built for low-income families with the Section 8 funding that the Administration has cut to the bone, mingled with fine houses that prosperous young professionals bought for a dollar in a state of decay and rehabilitated at their own cost. You can see crowded markets rebuilt with Community Development funds.

IN PARK CIRCLE, President Reagan's road to Damascus, nobody doubts the value of public funds. None of Baltimore's five industrial parks would exist at all were it not for Mayor Schaefer's remarkable abilities as a raider of the federal treasury. Mayor Schaefer likes to refer to Park Circle as an "enterprise zone" to show that Baltimore is in tune with Washington, but the incentives it offers are in the $5.5 million of federal, state, and city funds which Baltimore has used to buy land and improve the site.

Of the four firms now doing business in Park Circle, only the smallest, Mom's Chicken, has gotten there on its own. Its owner, "Slim" Butler, thinks he may have enough of a profit to benefit from tax credits. Harold Bereson, the owner of Cindarn Plastics next door, has stayed afloat with a loan from the Small Business Administration, and is certain that the tax provisions of the enterprise zone bill can't help him. Frederick Barrett, of United Sounds of America, is preoccupied with trying to find a loan to finance his fledgling business. He expects five years to pass before he turns a profit. Only Commercial Credit can expect to benefit significantly from the tax breaks. President Reagan's instance of noble entrepreneurship happens to be a public-spirited venture by the giant Control Data firm.

Frederick Barrett was hoping that the President would visit him so that he could tell him what he thought of enterprise zones, not to mention abandoning the poor. Barrett, who is black, is a registered Republican and the first executive director of the Consumer Product Safety Commission. His $4,500-FM tuner has been voted the finest such product in the world by *Stereo Magazine* in Japan. His faith in free enterprise is fervent. An enterprise zone, he says, will do little for Park Circle without start-up capital and additional funding for infrastructure, security, and counseling—"and that's not going to come from private business or anywhere else." To Barrett, the zone, shorn of the other tools of economic development, is "like you build a six-lane highway through Appalachia, past the mountains, and then you stop right in the middle." A suitable judgment—likening the enterprise zone to one of the ill-considered and above all utopian projects of the 1960s.

JAMES TRAUB

James Traub is a free-lance writer living in New York.

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The party of 'tax and tax, spend and spend' has become the party of ideas.

THE DEMOCRATS' NEW AGENDA

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

It simply isn't true, despite what Republican campaigners are saying, that the Democratic party is devoid of any ideas except "tax and tax, spend and spend." The Democratic party itself hasn't helped much to persuade the country of this, preferring to focus its fire on the inviting target of Reaganomics. But the fact is that over the past twenty months—surprisingly quickly—Democratic officeholders and thinkers have begun putting together the makings of a coherent alternative. Somewhat out of public view, the leading Democratic Presidential hopefuls have been getting advice from cadres of economic and foreign policy advisers and have been assembling a new Democratic case to take to the people in 1984. There are differences of temperament, emphasis, and sometimes substance among Edward Kennedy, Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, John Glenn, and the other candidates. There are certainly problems and contradictions in the new Democratic agenda. But nevertheless a consensus is forming around ways to get people to work again, to rebuild America, to make it productive and competitive, and to point it toward the future.

How? Almost unanimously, the front-running candidates favor large-scale expenditures to restore America's "infrastructure"—its decaying roads, bridges, sewers, and waterways—and at the same time to provide jobs and job training for unemployed workers. They are all in favor of lower interest rates to promote growth in the private economy. They call for increased federal spending on "human capital" programs in education, job training, child nutrition, and other services designed to make people healthier and better skilled. They believe in "partnership" among government, labor, and management to promote foreign trade and hold down inflation. They think the government needs an "industrial policy"—a role in promoting productivity and competitiveness in American industry by sponsoring more research, and possibly by promoting technological "winners." Almost all of them would pay for these programs by delaying or canceling part of President Reagan's tax cuts and defense increases. And obviously, they all agree that Reaganomics—with its obsessive devotion to the magic of the free market, its reliance on corporate wisdom and private greed, its transfers of wealth from poor to rich—has been a moral and economic disaster.

There is much in the new Democratic agenda that is traditional enough to be susceptible to Republican charges of "tax and tax, spend and spend." For example, "infrastructure" can be considered just a newfangled term for "public works" or even "pork barrel," and can end up expensive and wasteful if projects are poorly selected, and if construction trades unions demand the highest prevailing wage rates for the workers who build them. What the Democrats are calling "human capital investment" could become a cover for a new burgeoning of heavily bureaucratic categorical aid programs if all the traditional interest groups in the Democratic party come running with their hands out and the leadership lacks the discipline to say "No." The "partnership" that the Democrats envision could become "planning," and the planning could become politicized. Instead of promoting productivity in new industries, the Democrats could find themselves merely bailing out labor-intensive (i.e., vote-rich) old ones. And in reaction to the evils and errors of Reaganism—particularly if it seems unsuccessful and unpopular—the Democrats may be tempted to revert to the kind of heavy-handed agenda that helped produce (as Ronald Reagan asserted in a recent radio speech) "the record interest rates and double-digit inflation that led to this recession." There is a danger, in other words, that Democratic programs might make the U.S. resemble England more than Japan.

But there's also reason to think that the Democrats can avoid those pitfalls. For one thing, a new generation of economic theoreticians has arrived on the scene for whom life's dominant experiences are the oil shocks of the 1970s and the rise of Japan as an economic superpower, rather than the Great Depression. Such younger thinkers as Robert B. Reich and Daniel Yergin of Harvard and Lester Thurow and David Birch of M.I.T. have joined the traditional Democratic economic cadre of Charles Schultze, Walter Heller, and John Kenneth Galbraith to emphasize the importance of American competitiveness in the international markets of the 1980s. In conjunction with the arrival of new thinkers is the arrival of a new generation of politicians that is pushing transition of the economy. Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Representative

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Richard Gephardt of Missouri, neither one a 1984 Presidential candidate, recommended the tax simplification plan that practically all the candidates have adopted.

Gephardt and Representative Timothy Wirth of Colorado just released a long-term economic program for House Democrats that emphasizes research, education, investment in growth industry, and rebuilding of infrastructure. Their basic perception—increasingly shared within the party—is that the nation needs programs adapted to the changed realities of the 1980s and anticipated realities beyond, rather than a restoration of the greatness of the 1950s. The key changes are the importance of international trade to the U.S. economy and the shift within the U.S. economy from traditional heavy industry to service and high technology. No one of either party has fully analyzed the implications of these changes—most importantly, no one has addressed the possibility of a collapse of the international trading system. But the Democrats are beginning the process. Two alternate budgets were introduced in the House this year embodying younger Democrats' perceptions of the need for increased research and infrastructure spending. At the state level, California Governor Jerry Brown has a record of attempting to adapt to changed economic realities, and new laboratories are expected to go into operation if Adlai Stevenson wins the governorship in Illinois, Richard Celeste in Ohio, Antony Earle in Wisconsin, and Roxanne Conlon in Iowa. Inevitably, the force of new perceptions is affecting Presidential contenders as well.

IF POLICY DIFFERENCES develop among the Presidential candidates, they are likely to be on these grounds: "old" ideas vs. "new" ones; the extent of government intrusion into economic policy; protectionism vs. free trade; and preservation of "basic" industry vs. promotion of "hi-tech" developing industry. The Democratic front-runner, Edward Kennedy, has made his dedication to the "old" ideas a major theme, sometimes to the extent of disparaging the search for new ones. Kennedy's strategists describe him as "the Democratic Reagan"—the party's beacon, the truest exponent of its traditional ideals, the spokesman of its dominant (in this case, liberal) wing. So, at the Democratic midterm convention last June in Philadelphia, Kennedy heaped scorn on the notion that Democrats might be cautious in pursuit of their programs ("The last thing this nation needs in the 1980s is two Republican parties," he said), and specifically dismissed the party's "neoliberals," who have been trying to re-tool America to face hi-tech competition from abroad. Most people took that remark as an obvious crack at Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, who has been making "newness" a major campaign theme.

According to his staff, Kennedy also has been relying mainly on advice from the older generation of Democratic economists—Joseph Pechman of Brookings, Heller, Otto Eckstein, Galbraith, Paul Samuelson; plus Thurow, Barbara Bergman of the University of Maryland, and Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Frères and New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation. Even so, Kennedy has been at work on new ideas and has abandoned some of his old ones (such as wage and price controls and oil price regulation, though not national health insurance). In foreign policy, Kennedy has become the leader of the nuclear freeze movement, and his aides hope that other candidates will have to follow his lead on economic proposals as well. Kennedy is on the verge of unveiling a proposal for a National Development Bank, which would sell bonds to raise between $10 billion and $25 billion per year to be given to states and cities for infrastructure redevelopment. Another proposal, not as far along, will call for a public authority—the bank or an independent agency—to promote private industrial development by both picking "winner" industries and helping to restore failing older ones.

KENNEDY and Senator John Glenn of Ohio believe adamantly that the government should preserve "basic" industry—steel, autos, rubber, etc.—as well as promote new, hi-tech industry (biogenetics, micro-processing, solar energy). All the Democratic candidates will agree—they have to, politically—but some, including Gary Hart and former Florida Governor (and U.S. special trade representative Reubin Askew) believe that emphasis should be placed on high technologies in which the U.S. has a comparative advantage. In his address to the United Steelworkers Convention on September 21, Kennedy said, "We will continue to insist that America can and should have a steel industry which ranks first, works best, and produces the most steel of any nation in the world." One of the younger Democratic economists said, "That's just silly. Even the Japanese are getting out of steel and into higher-value products. There's no way that the U.S. can produce steel cheaper than Brazil or South Korea."

One way to preserve fading industries is to bail them out with subsidies, as Congress voted to do with Chrysler. Another is to erect trade barriers to protect them from foreign competition. Senators Kennedy, Glenn, Alan Cranston of California, and Ernest Hollings of South Carolina all voted for aid to Chrysler (Hart did not), and all are co-sponsors of "domestic content" legislation backed by the United Auto Workers that would restrict sales of autos that failed to contain between 50 and 90 percent American-made parts. Hart is not a co-sponsor, although it will be hard for him to vote against the legislation, protectionism now being a major political crusade of the recession-wracked labor movement.

Aides to both Kennedy and former Vice President Walter Mondale claim that they are backing protec-

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tionist measures not because they prefer them, but as a way of forcing Japan and other countries to let American products in. However, political pressures are driving Democrats very far toward the kind of antifree-trade rhetoric that scares foreign countries and leads them to prepare for trade warfare, which, if it occurs, could eliminate jobs, both here and abroad. Kennedy told the steelworkers: "Free trade must be reciprocal, not unilateral. No steelworker should ever lose a job because our government refuses to act against subsidized foreign steel. . . . We are Americans who believe that this nation must never become a colony of Germany and Japan. . . . We must take whatever steps we must to see that Americans in the 1980s and the 1990s will be buying American products made with American steel."

Mondale, in his speech to the steelworkers' union the next day, was even harsher than Kennedy. "If we don't get cracking and get serious, our kids will be cheated by us and their jobs will consist of sweeping up around Japanese computers and spending a lifetime serving McDonald's hamburgers. . . . We've got to stop talking and get tough in terms of international trade. . . . Today, to sell an American car in Japan, you need the United States Army behind you and maybe not even that would do it. In product after product, American products are cheaper, better quality, but you can't sell in Japan unless they want to let you. . . . I believe in international competition, but I'm not a sucker. The time has come to shape a national policy that fights back and gives the American workers their fair share in the competition of this country." Mondale called for expanded subsidies for U.S. exporters (to fight subsidized industries abroad), and criticized export of jobs by U.S. multinationals.

MONDALE, always a traditional liberal close to the labor movement, has been spending time lately with neoliberals and businessmen and even some fiscal conservatives. The result, aides say, is something of a centrist stance between the old and new ideas, between light and heavy government involvement in the economy, and between "preservationism" and "hi tech." Mondale told the steelworkers that "to build this country, we're going to need billions and billions of dollars of capital going into new plant and equipment." The money, he said, ought to come from government, banks, pension funds, and corporate profits. He did not say how intensively the government should be involved in allocating credit or planning development. The range of government direction advocated by economic advisers to various candidates seems to range from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation advocated by Felix Rohatyn, which would invest directly, to the information-gathering and advice-giving authority agreed upon by House Democrats. All the Democratic candidates now stand somewhere in between those extremes. Kennedy favors a "MITI-minus," meaning a planning authority less intrusive than Japan's foreign trade institute. Hart favors a system of executive leadership whereby the President would work with sectors of industry and their unions to reach agreement on productivity goals, loan guarantees, wage terms, and job security.

It's obvious that almost any Democrat elected in 1984 will run a more active, "intrusive" government than President Reagan now heads. The free market and laissez faire apparently are having their last tryout in the United States, and if Reagan himself or another disciple of supply-side economics runs on the Republican ticket, the 1984 election is likely to be the most ideological in the nation's history. Kennedy, even though he has dropped some of his 1980 positions, still seems the most dedicated to government involvement in the economy. He favors legislation directing the Federal Reserve Board to keep interest rates at a set level (3 to 5 percent) over the inflation rate. Hart opposes that, fearing politicization of the Fed. Mondale favors holding down interest rates by reducing government deficits. Both Kennedy and Hart, though, support the setting of different interest rates for new investment and for mergers. Kennedy has dropped wage and price controls as a means of controlling inflation, and now favors an incomes policy based on guidelines and Presidential persuasion. Hart supports a tax-based incomes policy whereby unions and companies would get breaks and penalties according to their ability to hold down wages and prices.

WHAT THEIR VARIOUS PROPOSALS and positions add up to is an attempt by the Democratic candidates to reclaim their party's traditional role—seized by the Republicans in 1980—as the party of hope, opportunity, growth, and the future. Especially if Reaganomics fails utterly, or if the world economy collapses for other reasons, the Democrats' new agenda should attract support from a population disillusioned with promises that less government would mean more prosperity. The Democrats can claim that government has always been a partner in America's development—from construction of railroads and inland waterways to sponsorship of education and agricultural research to development of space-related technologies—and that now it is time for the government to lend a hand in America's redevelopment. The Democrats can argue successfully for supply-side spending to make America better educated and more productive and competitive. And they can argue that traditional Democratic compassion can be combined with efficiency. One thing remains, however. Ronald Reagan and the Republicans successfully convinced the country in 1980 that their world view was valid—that they know what causes inflation and recession and why the U.S. seemed to be failing as a global power. The Democrats have programs now, and new ideas. They have yet to explain why these programs and ideas will work.

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Who looted Mexico's treasury?

'La Crisis'

By Nick Eberstadt

Mexico City

ON PASEO DE LA REFORMA, Mexico City's most opulent commercial strip, "September 1, 1982" is up in Christmas lights, and in the back streets and alleys, neatly stenciled graffiti enthusiastically back "JLP" and his "courageous reform." Mexico seems destined to add a new holiday to its calendar. On September 1 outgoing President José Lopez Portillo capped an otherwise undistinguished term of office by nationalizing the Mexican banking system. The days since this "bold and revolutionary event," as the papers in this one-party democracy invariably refer to it, have been marked by the sort of official festivity reserved for national occasions.

But as every Mexican schoolboy knows, "holidays" here are seldom a cause for celebration. For the most part, they map out the great historical disasters that have shaped this damaged but remarkably resilient country. The Fifth of May commemorates the victory of Mexican locals over Napoleon III's troops at Puebla, after which the French returned and starved the town into submission. September 15 recognizes Mexico's "independence"—an occurrence followed by twenty years of straight civil war and then seventy years of intermittent civil war and dictatorship, interrupted by the installation of a European emperor by foreign powers. The historic significance of September 1 is not yet clear, but it may be remembered as the time when Mexico's politicians broke the economic boom that had been carrying their people forward for more than three decades.

Both Yankee chauvinists and Mexican intellectuals belittle Mexico's postwar economic progress. But Mexico has undergone a decisive transformation over the past generation. Although there remain a great many poor people here, Mexico is no longer a "poor nation." Measured by the international equivalent of its domestic purchasing power, Mexico's domestic product now approaches $300 billion; it has increased by a factor of six since 1950. Per capita output has almost tripled over the last thirty years, and the average purchasing power per person now stands at the same level as Japan's in 1960. Today it is Mexico, not Japan, that possesses the most modern steel mills in the world, and though one may fault the policy, Mexico is one of the three great grain importers in the global food system—ahead of Italy, West Germany, and China. Even Mexico City's notorious air pollution is a kind of testimony to the spread of prosperity, for it is caused by the capital's three million automobiles. In the cities, which house nearly two-thirds of Mexico's inhabitants, living standards are no longer strikingly "third world." Instead, the TV antennas and first-generation beer bellies, the shiny shoes and garish, factory-made clothes suggest something quite different: perhaps the Rome of 1955 or the Naples of 1965; certainly not the Cairo or Calcutta of today.

This is not to say that Mexico's battle against poverty is over. One need only wander through the marketplace of a suburban slum or note the foot-trails leading from the side of the highway into the mountains to understand that many millions of Mexicans still live in need. In the big cities, one still runs into beggars, and these are not professionals: they are ashamed of their work, and consequently are pitifully bad at it. Nevertheless, Mexico has changed, and so has the nature of Mexican poverty. The images that prevail in enlightened discussion, within Mexico as well as abroad, are typically antiquated and inappropriate.

"Marginalization" and "immiseration" were once an adequate description of the prospects for the common people, but by the 1970s this was no longer so. For a variety of reasons, Mexico's "human statistics"—unemployment figures, income distribution numbers, and the like—tend to be unreliable. In itself, this does not speak well for the government's antipoverty policies. Yet according to a recent World Bank study in which labor force numbers were carefully examined, the rate of unemployment has dropped over the past two decades, and more importantly, the amount of work available for those too poor to go jobless has increased substantially. As for material inequalities, the greatest of these has been measurably reduced: life expectancy in Mexico is now over 65. In barely three decades the lifespan of the average Mexican has increased by about twenty years; this could not have occurred without a radical improvement in the health of the poor. As Mexico becomes increasingly urban, and as the first fully literate generation of Mexicans has made its way into the work

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Opening Up World Trade

Under the strain of hard times, voices of fear once again are crying out for barriers against imports. America will be making a serious mistake, however, if we allow our present economic problems to obscure the clear lessons of the past.

Since World War II the U.S. and our trading partners have enjoyed growth and prosperity. Much of this progress has been achieved because of an international commitment to free trade.

In 1947 the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) made exporting easier and helped create a global economy. American exports of goods and services grew from $14 billion in 1950 to $367 billion in 1981, creating millions of jobs and raising our standard of living. Exports now generate one-sixth of our manufacturing jobs and one-fifth of our Gross National Product.

Recently, however, as foreign competition has hurt some U.S. industries, some people have suggested turning back the clock to the era of restricted trade. In the face of this temptation, we should recall the disastrous policies of the early 1930s when nations tried to shore up their faltering industries by limiting imports. They were successful—imports fell. But exports also dropped, and the loss of sales worsened the Great Depression.

In an interdependent world, we benefit when our trading partners do well. We have an enlightened self-interest to promote their prosperity. When we buy their goods, they obtain dollars to buy our goods. Jobs are preserved and created here at home when U.S.-built products are sold abroad. International commerce enables all trading partners to enjoy bigger and bigger slices of an expanding economic pie.

To get our economy moving in the right direction, we need to promote policies that will increase our exports—not limit our imports. International competition encourages industries to invest in research and development to improve productivity and create better products at lower cost.

American companies should be more aggressive in pursuing international markets. Only 10 percent of U.S. manufacturing companies are directly involved in exports. Trade authorities estimate at least 20,000 more U.S. firms could easily tap export markets. Government has to do its part, too. Specifically, it can:

- Reflect the reality of what's available in international markets by revising U.S. restrictions on the exporting and re-exporting of data and products made from data licensed by the U.S. to foreign companies; data often available from other non-U.S. sources.
- Permit companies to pool research and share the results.
- Provide adequate lending authority to the Export-Import Bank so U.S. exporters can compete on equal footing with foreign companies.

Our government should work to ensure that U.S. companies have as much access to overseas markets as foreign producers have to the U.S. When the ministers of GATT meet in November, the international trading community should reaffirm its commitment to free trade by deeds as well as words. Many non-tariff barriers remain, impeding a greater flow of goods and services across borders. The U.S. should take the lead in negotiating the reduction of these restrictions.

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force, other material inequalities have diminished.

Mexico is still a nation of deep and striking social and economic differences. What is often forgotten, however, is that these disparities run along regional as well as class lines. In a trip through the Mayan southlands, I met men who spoke Spanish as badly as I do; in fact, according to the latest census, several million Mexican citizens still think of Nahuatl, Tarasco, or one of several dozen other Indian languages as their native tongue. For most of its history, Mexico has been a geographical expression rather than a nation; it would be hazardous to date the "national consciousness" of this diverse grouping of peoples much earlier than the 1920s. Mexico's "national consciousness" is now manifest in, and in a fashion maintained by, the Partido Revolutionario Institutional, "the Party of the Institutionalized Revolution," which has controlled the government since the 1930s. But another equally momentous shift in popular thinking appears to have taken place more recently. In 1950 Mexicans saw poverty as their national condition; by 1982, it was widely perceived to be a social problem. The difference may seem subtle to outsiders, yet it is essential. A national condition is the way of things; a social problem is an aberration, and one may expect it to be cured over time with good government policy.

GOOD GOVERNMENT POLICY, unfortunately, has always been in tragically short supply in Mexico. The Mexican people's postwar advance seems to have come about as much despite the actions of the government as because of them. Although Mexico's political fabric is rightly described as one of the sturdiest in Latin America, something vital seems to be missing from it. Because of this failing, the Mexican government has had an awesome knack for turning blessings into curses.

In the 1970s, Mexico's most frequently counted blessing was oil. It had been found that over sixty billion barrels' worth, previously undetected, lay under Mexican soil or within Mexican waters. These findings, however, were not announced until 1977, after President-elect Lopez Portillo was inaugurated. "Pemex," the national oil company, had been sitting on the news: high officials in that bureaucracy feared that President Luis Echeverría Alvarez would squander this national legacy. It seemed much more prudent to wait, and let Lopez Portillo, who had earned the reputation of a conciliatory technocrat, plan a new national development program.

But as it turned out, Lopez Portillo's program fulfilled many people's fears about Echeverría. Mexico's oil money was spent like lottery winnings. As the nation's oil revenues climbed from $2 billion in 1977 to almost $15 billion in 1981, Lopez Portillo's government was able to pursue projects that had been previously constrained by economic reality. The peso was propped up at an unusually artifical rate, even though this played havoc with export industries, because it made imports cheaper. An elaborate scheme was devised whereby the agricultural bureaucracies would actually subsidize both producers *and* consumers. Graft and the politics of government favor assumed an importance they had not enjoyed in living memory. Perhaps more importantly, the oil revenues made it possible to borrow almost as much as the government wanted. In 1981, despite a near quadrupling of government revenues over the previous six years, Mexico ran a budget deficit equivalent to 15 percent of its GNP. From 1976 until the end of 1981, as unexpected oil gains were bringing an additional $45 billion into the national treasury, Mexico's foreign debt rose from under $25 billion to over $80 billion—the greatest of any country in the world. Neither the bankers who lent this money nor the officials who contracted it seem to have asked many questions about how it was to be repaid. By 1980 it was clear to many outsiders that an economic dislocation was in the making.

With a little luck, Lopez Portillo might have been able to forestall the dislocation until this December, when President-elect Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado comes to power. But a number of factors beyond his control sped up events: a world recession reducing demand for exports; the slump in the international oil market; the sharp rise in the price of both dollars and credit brought on by the U.S. Federal Reserve Board's tight monetary policies. In February it proved necessary to devalue the peso by 50 percent. By mid-August, a *real* financial crisis was at hand. Despite the earlier devaluation, the peso was still seriously overvalued; exports, once a mainstay of the Mexican economy, had been reduced in value to less than half of the new oil revenues. Over three-fifths of the nation's foreign revenues had to be turned immediately toward repaying past debts. Mexico could no longer buy the goods from abroad that consumers had grown accustomed to: "foreign currency reserves" at the Treasury could pay for less than a month's imports, and they were dwindling.

ON THE INTERNATIONAL market, the peso collapsed, dropping by another 50 percent. At home the political situation was becoming uncomfortable and people began talking about "la crisis." In Mexico City rumors were circulating that the President would be deposed by a military coup in a matter of days. Although these rumors appear to have been unfounded, they indicate how unpopular Lopez Portillo had become. He seemed to have accomplished the impossible: at least for the moment, he had displaced Luis Echeverría as the most disliked figure in modern Mexican history. It would take something dramatic to rescue his image. The nationalization of the banks was his calculated risk.

Lopez Portillo announced the fait accompli in a rousing speech. Mexico, he said, had been "looted"; to

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protect the interests of the common people and preserve the integrity of the nation, he explained that it was necessary for the government to move in. Politically, it appears to have been a brilliant move. Despite the highly advertised support the measure is receiving from public officials and government contractors, it seems to be genuinely popular among the common people. Lopez Portillo correctly perceived that by moving the economic debate out of the world of analysis and into the realm of demonology, he could expect to be safe. The "looters," after all, were none other than the gang of three that is always officially blamed for Mexico's misfortunes: arrogant Americans, "capitalist impresarios,"and grasping, unpatriotic Mexican bankers. Lopez Portillo's success in reducing the popular perception of the current financial crisis to a vendetta can be measured to some extent by the tone of the past week's press coverage. Stories running in the prestige papers included a long, gossipy account of who snubbed whom at International Monetary Fund bail-out meetings in Toronto, a news analysis protesting that other countries too were having troubles making their debt payments, and an admonition from a Cuban "financial figure" that "oppressed" countries should never have trusted the capitalist bankers in the first place. For his part, Lopez Portillo is now warning that he is going to find out just who has been "looting" the nation by spiriting dollars and jewelry abroad. He promises to publish a list; it is being eagerly awaited by the mass-circulation dailies. It seems surprising that the President should have trouble ascertaining who has taken dollars out of the country. Even before nationalization, 70 percent of the nation's currency reserves was controlled by the government.

LOPEZ PORTILLO'S political escape is President-elect de la Madrid's economic trap. De la Madrid, a financial planner with a reputation for personal honesty, did not learn of the nationalization of the banks until the order was going into effect. That may not be the last surprise in store for him. Lopez Portillo seems to have made it virtually impossible for his successor to fare as well in office as he did. To avoid defaulting on its outstanding loans, and to keep its economy from a spiraling collapse, Mexico is going to need to borrow a great deal more this year: some suggest it will require as much as $20 billion more by year's end. It will not get these funds unless the IMF gives Mexico a clean bill of health. Yet Lopez Portillo has just appointed Mr. Carlos Tello as head of the Central Bank of Mexico, and Tello's hostility toward the IMF is notorious. "Negotiations" between the IMF and the Central Bank of Mexico may provide interesting theatrics over the next few months, but they are less likely to provide much in the way of loans. Thus, there is reason to believe that de la Madrid will have to scramble for foreign assistance the moment he assumes office.

At that point, however, de la Madrid's difficulties would extend far beyond the reaches of personality clashes. Although panicked international banks have been begging the IMF to settle with Mexico on almost any terms, it is unlikely to commit its own money to a debt "rescheduling" deal unless some fundamental changes in Mexican financial and economic policy go into effect. Some of the things it might require include a more realistic pricing of the peso (which has once again been propped up artificially), an end to preferential exchange rates for favored goods and projects, a dramatic reduction in deficit spending, a stiff rise in the price of farm goods, a cutback in the rate growth of the money supply, and an increase in oil sales at whatever price it takes to make a market.

UNDER THE BEST of circumstances, it might take several years of reduced GNP, and even more pronounced declines in living standards, for such measures to revive the Mexican economy. And under the best of circumstances, it would be difficult for a president in the Mexican political system to endure the costs of keeping harsh economic policies in force for several years in a row. But how much more difficult would it be when these unpopular reforms were being resisted by influential groups from within, and demanded from abroad by unpopular foreign powers? Should de la Madrid acquiesce in the devaluations that will eventually be necessary to restore competitiveness to the non-oil economy, should he undo some of Lopez Portillo's nationalizations in the hope of attracting the foreign capital he will surely need, or should he try to raise cash by selling Mexican oil at discount prices, he can expect a chorus of voices in his country to accuse him of humiliating the nation, or worse. In Mexico, these are no mean accusations.

If things turn out well this year, Mexico will see zero growth. Even the optimists are less sanguine for 1983 and 1984. If the unpopular reforms facing de la Madrid are delayed, watered down, or ignored, Mexico's monetary crisis will become a long-term economic crisis. It is still unclear what effects Mexico's financial difficulties will have on popular action. In the United States, newspapers and television shows have made forecasts of convulsive, even revolutionary, political events. Such predictions seem based on a misunderstanding of Mexico. Mexico may be a country of nationalists, but it is also a country of patriots. Unlike the intellectuals who attempt to speak for them, the common people of Mexico (and even much of the middle class) are basically conservative. No one has made money for many decades, moreover, by betting against the Mexican political elite's instinct for self-preservation. If a political change does arrive, it is more likely to come through a change of sentiment than a change in leaders. Mexico has a history of great disappointments. An interruption of the rise to mass prosperity may be among the most unnecessary of these, but it would not seem to be the most bitter.

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It takes 100 lbs. of whole milk to make 10 lbs. of cheddar cheese. But a great cheddar requires 3 special milk characteristics. First, through breeding and herd management, the farmer must be less interested in volume than in producing high-protein milk, for this is what makes the cheese age well. Second, to give the cheese proper character, the cows must be fed on fresh grass, hay and corn, not just silage or a commercial mash. Third, the milk must be of such quality it can be used in an unpasteurized state. Heating the milk to 162° for 16 seconds, as required for pasteurization, kills many of the good bacteria that help produce a rich flavor as the cheese ages, resulting in a boring cheese. The best cheddar we've ever tasted comes from a 50-year-old Vermont cooperative of 525 hillside farms where all these special milk qualities are present. Now we've arranged to make wheels of their exceptional cheese available *direct from the creamery to you* through *Tools for Living*. As a bonus, we are including a free cheesecutting wire imported from England with each cheese. This is the classic smooth natural white cheddar, no coloring added. Where supermarket cheeses are seldon aged more than 5 months, these mellow flavored cheeses are aged 8-12 months (for sharp) and 14-24 months (for extra sharp). The wheels are available in 12-lb. or 38-lb. sizes, each encased in wax and store indefinitely under refrigeration. The size offers a considerable price advantage—up to $1.25 less *per pound* than what you pay in a gourmet cheese shop. But we especially like the neighborliness of these large sizes – perfect for a large party or for several families to buy together and then share. The 38-lb. cheese comes in a handmade wooden box. The 12-lb. cheddar costs **$55.00** ($8.95) #A610 for sharp or **$58.00** ($8.95) #A611 for extra sharp. The 38-lb. boxed wheel is **$160.00** ($14.95) #A612 for sharp or **$170.00** ($14.95) #A613 for extra sharp. These cheeses also make splendid outsized gifts.

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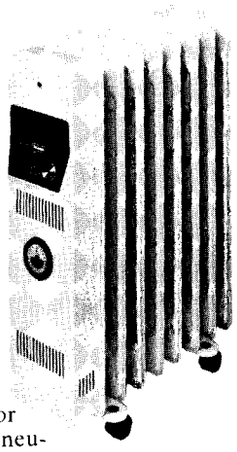
You still need heat, there is no way around that. But the Russell Hobbs automatic kettle supplies the heat in a clearly superior way. The large heating element brings 2 quarts of water to a full boil in a matter of minutes. When the water boils, the kettle shuts off automatically. Energy use is minimized. This kettle is made in England, with the benefit of British attention to detail—and long experience with teakettles. All the nice touches are here: a top that vents steam away from the handle, a lid that doesn't tipple as you pour, a wide-mouth top for easy cleaning, a nickel-coated heating element that resists mineral build-up, a safety switch to prevent damage if the kettle is switched on empty. We think it is worth every penny of **$59.00**($5.95) #A500. Quality pays in dollars and sense—you get long life (1-yr. guarantee), energy efficiency and safety (cannot boil dry). The kettle is available in polished stainless steel with white fitments.

Attract Dust Like A Magnet!

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20" long authentic lambswool duster for **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

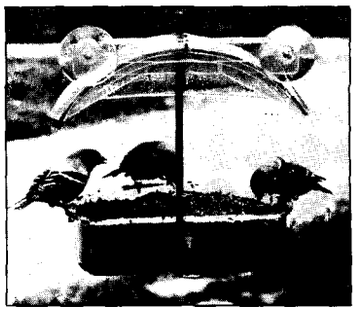
Space-Age Space Heater



Here is a heater with the sophistication to automatically start warming your bedroom or bathroom before you get up! The secret is the *built-in timer—it lets you program this portable heater to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night.* It's filled with a special diathermic oil that never needs replacing. It has three heat settings (600w, 900w and 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. A built-in thermostat responds to room temperature, but this DeLonghi heater never gets dangerously hot, making it perfect for a child's bedroom or playroom. This unit has easy-roll wheels for portability and all-steel construction in a neutral oyster color. It's 18"x8"x25", weighs 38 lbs. and is UL listed. *This model with automatic timer is not generally available in stores* and costs **$150.00** ($12.95) #A485. This model without the timer is available for **$140.00** ($12.95) #A487.

For The Birds

Feeding birds through the winter is about the simplest, cheapest, most satisfying, entertaining and educational way of getting closer to nature. It quickly becomes a permanent habit. If you do not want to go to the trouble of making your own feeders, we heartily recommend those produced by a small family firm in Foster, Rhode Island, called Droll Yankees Inc. These are the Mercedes-Benzes of bird feeders, designed to satisfy the feeding habits of their clients and made of Lexan, the nearly indestructible clear plastic, to stand up to the worst the weather (or squirrels) can dish out. The feeders are guaranteed for 3 years and replacement parts (as well as sympathetic counsel) are available by mail. The feeders come in two styles: a tubular perch feeder, above, holds 1 quart of seed, can be hung or post-mounted, comes with a seed tray underneath to catch spillage, and costs **$26.00** ($2.95) #A618; a window feeder, at right, mounts on sill, frame or window glass, holds 1 pint of seed and costs **$22.00** ($2.95) #A619. These feeders will last for many seasons, pleasing you as well as the birds.



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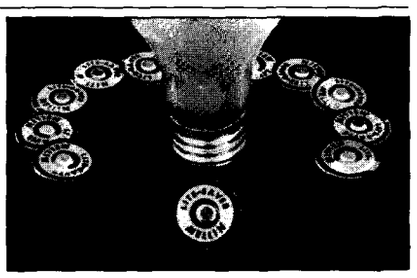
Teach Your Walkman™ To Speak

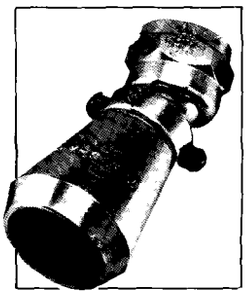
Personal walk-around stereos have changed the listening habits of over 5 million Americans in the past few years. Now microFIDELITY has taken the same concept of micro-technology that produced the personal stereo cassette and FM stereo players and applied it to the new MI-FI MFS-6300 micro loudspeakers. They plug into any 120V AC receptacle and turn your walkaround into a total miniature component system that delivers exceptional sound anywhere without headphones! Each speaker has a built-in 3½ watt microchip amplifier. This extra boost in power combined with the "state-of-the-art" polymer-impregnated long fiber diaphragms produces a staggering amount of true amplified stereo sound from a remarkably small source. The speakers, just a little larger than a tennis ball, have a frequency response of 200-20,000Hz. They plug into any personal stereo cassette or FM stereo player and are provided with an integral protection circuit as well as an additional non-amplified input so you can use them with your home system. Maximum power handling is 20 watts per channel through the non-amplified section. **$99.00** ($10.00) #A555. If you don't already own a walkaround cassette player but would like a truly portable stereo system we can send you the MFS-6300 speakers and a MI-FI cassette player all packaged in a high quality nylon carrying case. The cassette player operates on 3 AA batteries (included) and comes with superlight open-air type headphones. **$225.00** ($10.00) #A556. On our player or yours the MFS-6300 speakers deliver you into a new world of acoustic possibility. They make any walkaround player a runaway favorite.

Lite Savers

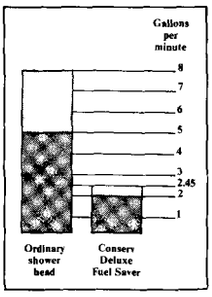


If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any *one way* bulb the Lite-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer the Lite-Savers in a package of 12 for **$27.00** ($2.95) #A549 or 24 for **$49.00** ($3.95) #A642.

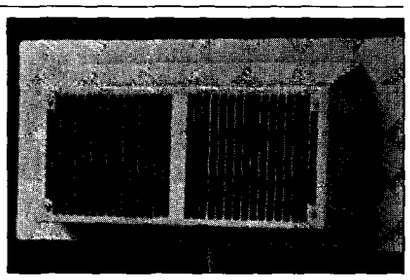
Savings In The Shower



This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver and manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water—hot water—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—much of it heated—everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.



Register Fan And Sealers



Every hot air heating system has at least one or two. Cold spots, that is—places that for some reason never quite get up to temperature. Often it is the rooms furthest from the furnace, an unusually large room, or rooms in a later addition. This booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The fan fits all registers up to 6"x14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord. The register fans cost **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536.

Magnetic Register Sealers prevent loss of warm or cool air through unused outlets. Sealer kits require a ruler and scissors to install initially, after that they can be removed or replaced in a moment. Material for three 6"x14" register covers costs **$12.00** ($1.95) #A539.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Herzog's Answer

What are films *for?* Every interesting director has found an answer to that question. In fact, one distinction between interesting directors (not necessarily great or even good ones) and others is the awareness of that question, the need to answer it. Hundreds of directors have made enjoyable films, as relatively unquestioning competent journeymen. But film swerves out of the mainstream, out of its several mainstreams, when a director wants to answer that question. The attempt doesn't always exalt him: Robert Altman kept trying to answer it and, mostly, failed pretentiously. The reverse is truer: no first-class film is not the result of that inquiry.

Fitzcarraldo
(New World Pictures)

The German director Werner Herzog, now 40, has made films of fluctuating quality, but he has never done anything other than ask that question. His reply is unique. Film, to him, means danger. Not danger as the subject of his scripts necessarily, but physical risk for himself and for at least some of his collaborators in the making of the film. A few examples: *Fata Morgana* was shot in the Sahara where, says John Sandford in *The New German Cinema,* "he and his crew encountered floods and sandstorms and were repeatedly thrown into crowded, rat-infested jails on suspicion of being mercenaries." *La Soufrière* was made on the slopes of that Guadeloupe volcano *after* Herzog had learned it might erupt and had hurried there. *Heart of Glass* was made, after a trip in open boats, to some small and rocky islands in the Atlantic off Ireland. For *Aguirre, Wrath of God,* Herzog took some five hundred people deep into the mountainous jungles of Peru. Compared with Herzog's career, previously celebrated difficulties, like John Huston's problems on location with *The African Queen* or Stroheim's problems with the Death Valley sequence of *Greed,* seem nursery tales.

Around such a figure as Herzog, stories are bound to accrue: threats of murder (by him) when others threatened to quit, threats of self-maiming or suicide as proof of earnestness. I don't know how many of the stories are true; perhaps all of them. The key point about the stories, about the career, is that Herzog is not remotely concerned with adventure in the old-fashioned, swashbuckling, open-shirted sense. His answer to the question of purpose goes deeper. Almost impatiently, he ingests all the acceptances about the film form: its additions to the vocabulary of realism, its flexibility of place, its playfulness with time, its transmutation of inanimate objects into performers. All these mysteries, still mysterious to many of us, are to Herzog only initial matters, known territory beyond which he must explore. For him, film has become a means of going to the edge of mortality itself, a physical test of the metaphysical, a way of looking past existence and perhaps coming back. Film being what it is, he can't venture alone, but he has obviously found some who will follow, some of them more than once, some who share his basic drive. Filmmaking is generally too easy, too easily powerful, he seems to say; he wants his films to look as if they had been wrested from death.

He wants, in short, to be a saint—if necessary, a martyr. He wants to prove that his life means less to him than film; film is the place left to him in our world where he can put the risk of his life at the service of others.

If he is mad, nothing is clarified by saying so. Is Thomas Mauch, his wonderful cinematographer, mad as well? And the other gifted Herzog colleagues? The test is not whether we, or anyone else, would do what they do but that they do it and, having done it, show why they thought it must be done. Herzog's films bring us images we cannot have seen before (like the opening and closing sequences of *Aguirre*): not travelogues of the remote but agons of the remote in us. Rilke's most famous line is the end of his poem about the archaic torso of Apollo: its beauty says: "You must change your life." Herzog's films, uneven and inconclusive as they sometimes are, ultimately say: "Open. Life is not knowing and controlling. Life is trembling."

His latest film is *Fitzcarraldo,* and much has been bruited about the making of it. PBS has already shown, twice, a condensed version of a documentary about the making of *Fitzcarraldo.* (I haven't seen it; I hope to comment next week on a longer version of that documentary.) Here are just a few of the pertinent facts. Like *Aguirre,* the picture was made mostly in the remote mountains of Peru, took almost five years to complete, and ran into all the logistic and health and technical problems that could be foreseen, plus many that were unforeseen, plus many other difficulties. Not far from the base camp, Peru and Ecuador were engaged in border strife. The local Indians made trouble; eventually an armed band surrounded the camp, forced the film people out, and burned the camp to the ground. A new base camp had to be built 1,500 miles to the south, amongst different Indians with whom friendly relations were first established. There were

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Birgit Haas Must Be Killed. And must be seen—if you like intelligent well-made political thrillers. French agents in Germany trap a German terrorist.

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial. Never mind the praise *and* dispraise; by now it's a social necessity. Likable despite the fact that it sometimes tries hard to be likable.

Lola. Fassbinder's version of *The Blue Angel,* set in 1950s Germany, done in 1940s Hollywood style. Very well acted.

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy. The title is the sharpest item in Woody Allen's nicely directed, mildly pleasant turn-of-the-century romance.

SK

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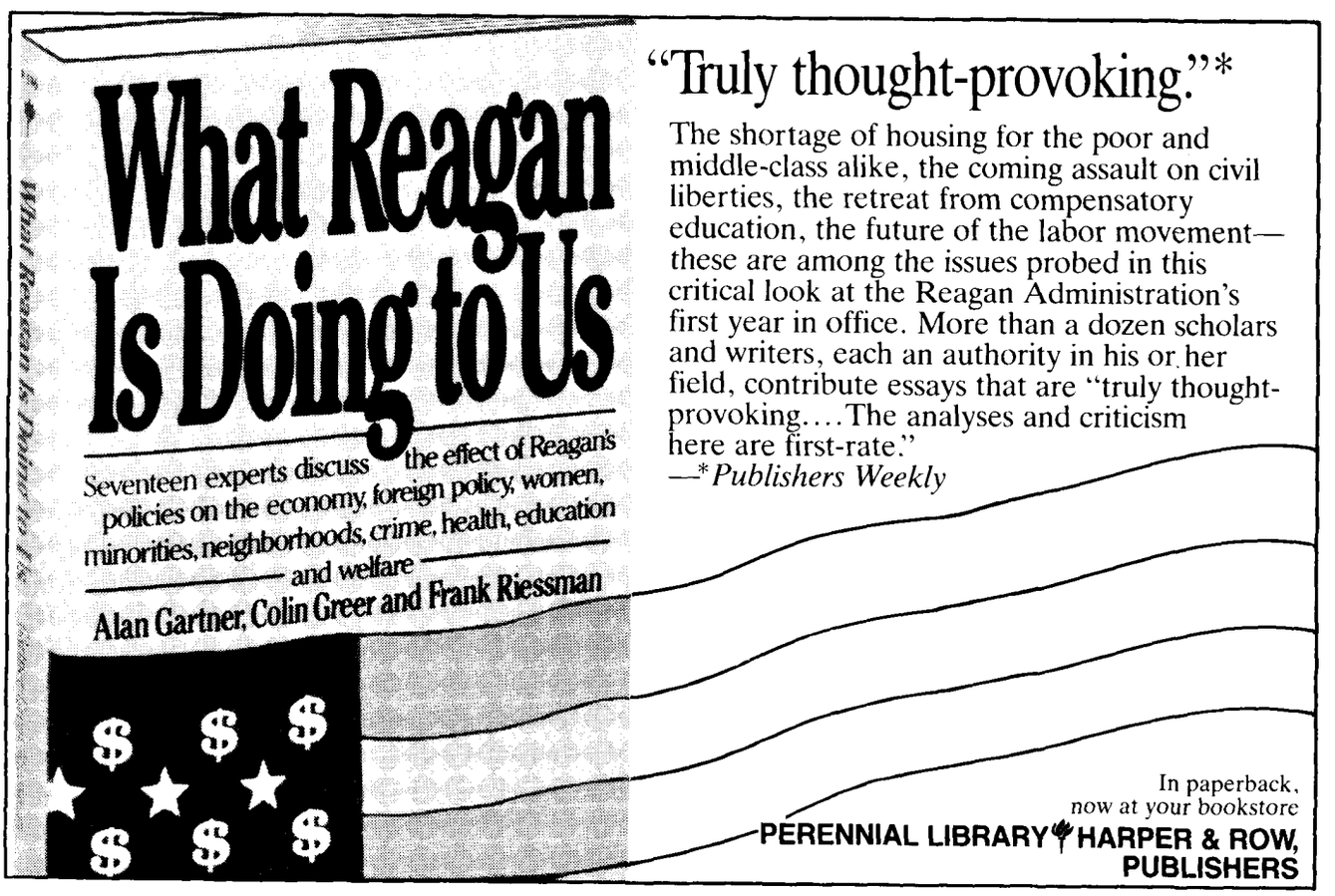
sheerly filmic troubles. From the start Jack Nicholson had been in mind for the leading role; after two-and-a-half years of preproduction work, he bowed out. Warren Oates was tapped but never actually signed a contract; four weeks before shooting was to begin, Oates decided against it. After a two-month delay, shooting started with Jason Robards in the lead and with Mick Jagger in an important supporting role. After almost half the film had been shot, six weeks later, Robards contracted amoebic dysentery, flew back to America, and sent word that his doctors forbade him to return. The delays caused Mick Jagger to drop out because of previous commitments. Herzog called Jagger's departure "the biggest loss I've had in my career" and didn't even try to replace him: he eliminated the Jagger role. After a further two months, Herzog signed Klaus Kinski for the title part. Kinski had been the protagonist of three previous Herzog films, including *Aguirre*, so he was familiar with Herzog terrain, figuratively and literally. The picture was then made. The one major player who was in it from start to finish was Claudia Cardinale. (The final version is in German; Cardinale, like all the Hispanic Peruvians and most of the Indians, is dubbed in German.)

The story is simple but wild. Early in this century an Irish adventurer named Brian Sweeney Fitzgerald—called Fitzcarraldo for Hispanic ease—is active in Peru, making and losing money. His specialty is attempting the impossible: his biggest previous venture was an (aborted) TransAndean Railway. Fitzcarraldo is passionate about Italian opera. His current dream is to build an opera house in Iquitos, a river port 1,600 miles up the Amazon, and open it with an appearance by Caruso, whom he adores and whose records accompany him everywhere. To raise the money for his theater, Fitzcarraldo has an idea that is appositely extreme: he will collect rubber from a large area that is untouched because inaccessible. To get that rubber, for reasons I won't detail, means portaging a 350-ton steamboat over a wooded hill from one river to a parallel river. He borrows the initial capital from his lover, Cardinale, who is the prosperous madam of an Iquitos brothel. The steamboat is acquired, the trip upriver is made, the apprehensive Indians are enlisted (five hundred of them). They clear a road over the hill for the boat, build winches, and, helped by the boat's engine, drag it up and over into the other river. This is the main physical action of the film, and its baroque quality is underscored by our knowledge that it's being done in order, eventually, to bring Caruso to Iquitos.

The opera house is not built and Caruso is not engaged because the rubber is not gathered, for a reason that suggests the lurking triumph of the primitive over the civilized; but out of his failure, Fitzcarraldo rescues the means to make one grand closing gesture, a gesture that is in every sense operatic. The last scene confirms that three bizarre characters have joined forces for this exhilarating film: Fitzcarraldo; Kinski, who plays him; and Herzog himself.

How much does our knowledge of the facts about the making of the film affect our response to it? If Herzog had made the film in (say) Colorado with American Indians as extras, with a mock-up steamboat instead of the real thing, with Holiday Inns just out of camera range? (Articles tell us that the steamboat was actually pulled by a tractor.) It's difficult to answer that question after one knows the details,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but two points are clear. Knowing the facts enhances the film; and the film would not exist, Herzog would not have made it, if he could not have done it as he did.

The result, *Fitzcarraldo* itself, is more a jagged, fascinating, beautiful, grotesque, dramatic, and hyperdramatic collection of images than an organic, consistently powerful work. I suppose that, given the circumstances, it's miraculous that it's as smooth as it is. Some of it is inexplicable. For instance, Herzog wants Sarah Bernhardt to appear in Verdi's *Ernani* with Caruso at the Manaus Opera in the opening, with a soprano in the orchestra pit singing the role while the actress mimes; why does he have a man play Bernhardt?

BUT DESPITE the rough seams and emphases on lesser moments (presumably caused by lack of footage that would have helped spacing and rhythm), the film never loses its grip. Picture after picture, moving pictures, underscore the idea of difficulty, of near-impossibility, as ethics—within the film and around it.

And I'm very glad, obviously excepting Robards's illness, that the previous leading actors gave way to Kinski. Robards could have supplied Irishness in the role, on the assumption that he played in English, but he has in him these days not much more than the ability to burst into anger from time to time, unlike Kinski who carries caged and quarreling demons within him even in his happiest moments. Kinski's shock-headed haircut, his soiled but dignified white clothes, a necktie almost always (like Chaplin), his immense Panama hat, contribute to a physical icon, the figure of an emperor on the wrong planet. And Kinski has here something I've never seen in him before—motion. He is full of energy, always pressing forward, urgent, impatient. Sensitive actor that he is, he has imagined this character as dreading that bubbles will burst, that dreams will evanesce, if he doesn't hurry on. Kinski's performance, more than any other element, gives the film its kinetics.

I'd grant that on balance, if such a balance really exists, *Fitzcarraldo* can't be said to be "worth" the terrible agonies, let alone money, that it cost. Besides, as art, the work is uneasy and unfulfilled. But it's a privilege, a rare one, to see a film that, from beginning to end, shivers with passion.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

A Festival in Wartime

Told I would find little sign in Israel of a war being fought in Lebanon, I found it difficult to ignore the fighter planes cracking the sound barrier above the old city of Jerusalem, the helicopters patrolling the beaches of Tel Aviv, the painted artifacts of abandoned tanks and artillery along the principal highways, or the numerous khaki-clad male and female soldiers lugging M-16 rifles around public places. For all its lively street and night life, Israel cannot hide the fact that it has become a fortress-minded nation.

Is this an appropriate place to hold a festival of the arts? Many apparently thought not, since the number of tourists visiting Israel had dropped precipitously. Despite the loss of foreign audiences, however, the director of the Israeli festival gamely proceeded with his plans, in the announced hope that by opening date the nation will have demonstrated its importance "not only because of our military activities, but also because of our dedication to the enhancement of art and culture."

For participants and local audiences, the director's optimism proved justified. Apart from a few cancellations by Eastern European companies, most of the scheduled performances took place and to large houses. Unlike the festivals in Europe, the Israeli festival is decentralized, being located not in one accessible region, like Edinburgh or Avignon, but all over the map of the country. Our company played in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa; others performed in amphitheaters and kibbutzim beyond the walls of the cities. This gave us a chance to communicate with a variety of audiences, but it also created major logistical problems; worse, it isolated us from other visiting companies, not to mention Israeli intellectual and cultural life.

Another isolating factor was a local plague that struck our company with varying intensity and for varying periods of time. We called it "Begin's Revenge." Although the bug affected digestion and locomotion, our actors always managed to meet their performance obligations—not without some difficulty.

"Begin's Revenge" was apparently a form of retribution since, along with our regular touring productions of *Sganarelle* and *Lulu* and a satirical cabaret, all warmly received by Israeli theatergoers, we included special performances of a new antiwar play by Robert Auletta called *Rundown*. The work attempted to assess the psychological damage wrought on America by an unjust war by showing the conflict between a confused Vietnam veteran and his boyhood friend, now a crazed radical dedicated to destroying America's military machine. Evenhanded in its condemnation both of brutal militarism and of bomb-happy terrorists, the play concluded its first act with the veteran's moving confession that he was responsible for a number of civilian deaths in Vietnam. We were curious about how this would be received in a country currently being condemned for having caused civilian deaths in West Beirut.

The reaction was mixed. Some walked out during the first act after snapping their fingers in the odd way Israeli audiences use to express disapproval; others said that the play was interesting but irrelevant to the Mideast situation; still others watched intently to the end, both moved and disturbed by the parallels between the conflicts. It suggested something we found reinforced on television and radio, in some newspapers, and in the small but growing Peace Now movement—that Israelis were capable of accepting criticism of the war even as it was being waged, if not yet ready to reject the government responsible. (I refer, of course, to the situation before the Beirut massacre.)

Nevertheless, the majority of the people we met confirmed the findings of the polls that the country was strongly in favor of the Lebanese incursion and that the Labor opposition was ineffective. Even the intelligentsia seemed less disturbed by Begin's recalcitrance in the face of world opinion than by the criticism itself, which was considered prejudiced and uninformed; they expressed much fear that the United States was preparing to shift its allegiance from Israel to the Arab cause.

Between the runs and the problems

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with the festival, I didn't get to the theater much in Israel, but then there wasn't much to see. Although Twyla Tharp and Moving Earth were there to represent the United States in dance, there was little in the way of stage presentation, apart from a pickup touring company of *West Side Story* and some desultory street performances. In Tel Aviv alone, Israel supports both a municipal theater (Cameri) and a state theater (Habimah)—Cameri was on vacation but I did manage to see the Habimah company performing Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. Aside from the pleasure of watching John the Baptist lose his head only forty miles from where it was actually severed, there was not much to stir one's interest in this performance. Herod looked like Ernest Turex, Tigellinus was a Roman Queen complete with the obligatory grapes, and Jokanaan was made up with the kind of black lipstick and eyeliner one expects to see on an extra in a Thalia Summer Film Festival revival of *Lot in Sodom*.

THE BEST THEATER in Israel is actually to be found in the splendid stage settings of Masada and En Gedi, in the mob scenes in Jerusalem's Via Dolorosa, after the Moslems, following their morning prayers at the Dome of the Rock, pour through the narrow streets, and in the wonderful lighting at the Mount of Olives as the rising sun spreads its rays over the olive trees of Gethsemane. The most powerful dramatic texts, however, reside in the Israeli museums, and particularly in the Museum of the Holocaust (Yad Vashem). To go through this harrowing exhibit is a wrenching experience, but a crucial one for understanding the often inexplicable behavior of Israel today. Apart from the way it remorselessly catalogues Hitler's plan to exterminate world Jewry, the Holocaust museum documents the indifference shown by the rest of the world both to the plight of those in the death camps and those who wandered on the oceans looking for refuge. This knowledge doesn't excuse the excesses of the Begin-Sharon government or justify the way it has temporarily transformed Israel from a victim of the Middle East into its principal bully. But it provides the background for the territorial desperation, the suspiciousness of promises and pacts, and the defiance of world opinion that now characterize this lonely, tragic nation.

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What will a post-Philosophical culture look like?

The Fate Of Philosophy

By Richard Rorty

My attempt here is to draw consequences from a pragmatist theory about truth. This theory says that truth is not the sort of thing one should expect to have a philosophically interesting theory about. For pragmatists, "truth" is just the name of a property which all true statements share. It is what is common to "Bacon did not write Shakespeare," "It rained yesterday," "E equals mc^2," "Love is better than hate," "*The Allegory of Painting* was Vermeer's best work," "2 plus 2 is 4," and "There are nondenumerable infinities." Pragmatists doubt that there is much to be said about this common feature. They doubt this for the same reason they doubt that there is much to be said about the common feature shared by such morally praiseworthy actions as Susan leaving her husband, America joining the war against the Nazis, America pulling out of Vietnam, Socrates not escaping from jail, Roger picking up litter from the trail, and the suicide of the Jews at Masada. They see certain acts as good ones to perform, under the circumstances, but doubt that there is anything general and useful to say about what makes them all good.

Pragmatists think that the history of attempts to isolate the True or the Good, or to define the words "true" or "good," supports their suspicion that there is no interesting work to be done in this area. It might, of course, have turned out otherwise. People have, oddly enough, found something interesting to say about the essence of Force and the definition of "number." They might have found something interesting to say about the essence of Truth. But in fact they haven't. The history of attempts to do so, and of criticisms of such attempts, is roughly coextensive with the history of that literary genre we call "philosophy"—a genre founded by Plato. So pragmatists see the Platonic tradition as having outlived its usefulness. This does not mean that they have a new, non-Platonic set of answers to Platonic questions to offer, but rather that they do not think we should ask those questions anymore. When they suggest that we not ask questions about the nature of Truth and Goodness, they do not invoke a theory about the nature of reality or knowledge or man which says that "there is no such thing" as Truth or Goodness. Nor do they have a "relativistic" or "subjectivist" theory of Truth or Goodness. They would simply like to change the subject.

All this is complicated by the fact that "philosophy," like "truth" and "goodness," is ambiguous. Uncapitalized, "truth" and "goodness" name properties of sentences, or of actions and situations. Capitalized, they are the proper names of objects—goals or standards which can be loved with all one's heart and soul and mind, objects of ultimate concern. Similarly, "philosophy" can mean simply what Wilfrid Sellars calls "an attempt to see how things, in the broadest possible sense of the term, hang together, in the broadest possible sense of the term." Pericles, for example, was using this sense of the term when he praised the Athenians for "philosophizing without unmanliness." In this sense, Blake is as much a philosopher as Fichte, Henry Adams more of a philosopher than Frege. No one would be dubious about philosophy, taken in this sense.

But the word can also denote something more specialized, and very dubious indeed. In this second sense, it can mean following Plato's and Kant's lead, asking questions about the nature of certain normative notions (e.g., "truth," "rationality," "goodness") in the hope of better obeying such norms. The idea is to believe more truths or do more good or be more rational by knowing more about Truth and Goodness or Rationality. I shall capitalize the term "philosophy" when used in this second sense, in order to help make the point that Philosophy, Truth, Goodness, and Rationality are interlocked Platonic notions. Pragmatists are saying that the best hope for philosophy is not to practice Philosophy. They think it will not help to say something true to think about Truth, nor will it help to act well to think about Goodness, nor will it help to be rational to think about Rationality.

So far, however, my description of pragmatism has left an important distinction out of account. Within Philosophy, there has been a traditional difference of opinion about the Nature of Truth, a battle between (as Plato put it) the gods and the giants. On the one hand, there have been Philosophers like Plato himself who were otherworldly, possessed of a larger hope. They urged that human beings were entitled to self-respect only because they had one foot beyond space and time. On the other hand—especially since Galileo showed how spatiotemporal events could be brought under the sort of elegant mathematical law which Plato suspected might hold only for another world—there have been Philosophers (e.g., Hobbes, Marx) who insisted that space and time contain the only Reality there is, and that Truth is Correspondence to *that* Reality. In the nineteenth century, this opposition crystallized into one between "the transcendental philosophy" and "the empirical philosophy," between the "Platonists" and the "positivists." Such terms were, even then, hopelessly vague, but every intellectual knew roughly where he stood in relation to the two movements. To be on the transcendental side was to think that natural science was not the last word—that there was more Truth to be found. To be on the empirical side was to think that natural science—facts about how spatiotemporal things worked—was all the Truth there was.

IT IS IMPORTANT to realize that the empirical philosophers—the positivists—were still doing Philosophy. The Platonic presupposition which unites the gods and the giants, Plato with Democritus, Kant with Mill, Husserl with Russell, is that what the vulgar call "truth"—the assemblage of true statements—should be thought of as divided into a lower and an upper division, the division between (in Plato's terms) mere opinion and genuine knowledge. Pragmatism cuts across the transcen-

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dental/empirical distinction by questioning the common presupposition that there is an invidious distinction to be drawn between kinds of truths. For the pragmatist, true sentences are not true because they correspond to reality, and so there is no need to worry what sort of reality, if any, a given sentence corresponds to—no need to worry about what "makes" it true. (Just as there is no need to worry, once one has determined what one should do, whether there is something in Reality which makes that act the Right one to perform.) So the pragmatist sees no need to worry about whether Plato or Kant was right in thinking that something nonspatiotemporal makes moral judgments true, nor about whether the absence of such a thing means that such judgments are "merely expressions of emotion" or "merely conventional" or "merely subjective."

THIS INSOUCIANCE brings down the scorn of both kinds of Philosophers upon the pragmatist. The Platonist sees the pragmatist as merely a fuzzy-minded sort of positivist. The positivist sees him as lending aid and comfort to Platonism by leveling down the distinction between Objective Truth—the sort of true sentence attained by "the scientific method"—and sentences which lack the precious "correspondence to reality" which only that method can induce. Both join in thinking the pragmatist is not really a philosopher, on the grounds that he is not a Philosopher. The pragmatist tries to defend himself by saying that one can be a philosopher precisely by being anti-Philosophical, that the best way to make things hang together is to step back from the issues between Platonists and positivists, and thereby give up the presuppositions of Philosophy.

Among contemporary philosophers, pragmatism is usually regarded as an outdated philosophical movement—one which flourished in the early years of this century in a rather provincial atmosphere, and which has now been either refuted or absorbed and canceled out. The great pragmatists—William James and John Dewey—are occasionally praised for their criticisms of Platonism (e.g., Dewey on traditional conceptions of education, James on metaphysical pseudo-problems). But their anti-Platonism is thought by analytic philosophers—the philosophers who have been dominant in England and America since the 1950s—to have been insufficiently radical. For the analytic tradition which originates in logical positivism, the pragmatists' attacks on "transcendental," quasi-Platonist philosophy need to be sharpened by more careful and detailed analysis of such notions as "meaning" and "truth." For the anti-Philosophical tradition in contemporary French and German thought which takes its point of departure from Nietzsche's criticism of both strands in nineteenth-century Philosophical thought—positivistic as well as transcendental—the American pragmatists are thinkers who never really broke out of positivism, and thus never really broke with Philosophy.

I do not think that either of these dismissive attitudes is justified. On my view, James and Dewey were not only waiting at the end of the dialectical road which analytic philosophy traveled, but are waiting at the end of the road which continental philosophers, for example, Michel Foucault and Gilles Deleuze, are currently traveling. I think that analytic philosophy culminates in Willard Quine, the later Wittgenstein, Sellars, and Donald Davidson—which is to say that it transcends and cancels itself. These thinkers successfully, and rightly, blur the positivist distinctions between the semantic and the pragmatic, the analytic and the synthetic, the linguistic and the empirical, theory and observation. They show how language looks once we get rid of the central presupposition of Philosophy: that true sentences divide into an upper and a lower division—the sentences which correspond to something and those which are "true" only by courtesy or convention.

This way of looking at language lets us avoid hypostatizing Language in the way in which the Cartesian epistemological tradition, and particularly the idealist tradition which built upon Kant, hypostatized Thought. For it lets us see language not as a *tertium quid* between Subject and Object, nor as a medium in which we try to form pictures of reality, but as part of the behavior of human beings. On this view, the activity of uttering sentences is one of the things people do in order to cope with their environment. The Deweyan

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notion of language as tool rather than picture is right as far as it goes. But we must be careful *not* to phrase this analogy so as to suggest that one can separate the tool, Language, from its users and inquire as to its "adequacy" to achieve our purposes. The latter suggestion presupposes that there is some way of breaking out of language in order to compare it with something else. But there is no way to think about either the world or our purposes except by using our language. One can use language to criticize and enlarge itself, as one can exercise one's body to develop and strengthen and enlarge it, but one cannot see language-as-a-whole in relation to something else to which it applies, or for which it is a means to an end. The arts and the sciences, and philosophy as their self-reflection and integration, constitute such a process of enlargement and strengthening. But Philosophy, the attempt to say "how language relates to the world" by saying what *makes* certain sentences true, or certain actions or attitudes good or rational, is, on this view, impossible.

Philosophy is the impossible attempt to step outside our skins—the traditions, linguistic and other, within which we do our thinking and self-criticism—and compare ourselves with something absolute. This Platonic urge to escape from the finitude of one's time and place, the "merely conventional" and contingent aspects of one's life, is responsible for the original Platonic distinction between two kinds of true sentence. By attacking this latter distinction, the "pragmaticizing" strain in analytic philosophy has helped us see how the metaphysical urge—common to fuzzy Whiteheadians and razor-sharp "scientific realists"—works. It has helped us be skeptical about the idea that some particular science (say physics) or some particular literary genre (say Romantic poetry, or transcendental philosophy) gives us that species of true sentence which is not *just* a true sentence, but rather a piece of Truth itself. Such sentences may be very useful indeed, but there is not going to be a Philosophical explanation of this utility. That explanation, like the original justification of the assertion of the sentence, will be a parochial matter—a comparison of the sentence with alternative sentences formulated in the same or in other vocabularies. But such comparisons are the business of, for example, the physicist or the poet, or perhaps of the philosopher—not of the Philosopher, the outside expert on the utility, or function, or metaphysical status of Language or of Thought.

This attack on distinctions between classes of sentences is the special contribution of analytic philosophy to the anti-Platonist insistence on the ubiquity of language. This insistence characterizes both pragmatism and recent "Continental" philosophizing, which has been saying, in various ways, that attempts to get back behind language to something which "grounds" it, or which it "expresses," or to which it might hope to be "adequate," have not worked. The ubiquity of language is a matter of language moving into the vacancies left by the failure of all the various candidates for the position of "natural starting points" of thought, starting-points which are prior to and independent of the way some culture speaks or spoke.

This convergence shows that the traditional association of analytic philosophy with tough-minded positivism and of "Continental" philosophy with tender-minded Platonism is *completely* misleading. The pragmaticization of analytic philosophy gratified the logical positivists' hopes, but not in the fashion which they had envisaged. It did not find a way for Philosophy to become "scientific," but rather found a way of setting Philosophy to one side. This post-positivistic kind of analytic philosophy thus comes to resemble the Nietzsche-Heidegger-Derrida tradition in beginning with criticism of Platonism and ending in criticism of Philosophy as such. Both traditions are now in a period of doubt about their own status. Both are living between a repudiated past and a dimly seen post-Philosophical future.

BEFORE GOING ON to speculate about what a post-Philosophical culture might look like, I should make clear that my description of the current Philosophical scene has been deliberately oversimplified. So far I have ignored the antipragmatist backlash. The picture I have been sketching shows how things looked about ten years ago —or, at least, how they looked to an optimistic pragmatist. In the subsequent decade there has been, on both sides of the Channel, a reaction in favor of "realism"—a term which has come to be synonymous with "antipragmatism." This reaction has had three distinct motives: (1) the view that recent, technical developments in the philosophy of language have raised doubt about traditional pragmatist criticisms of the "correspondence theory of truth," or, at least, have made it necessary for the pragmatist to answer some hard, technical questions before proceeding further; (2) the sense that the "depth," the human significance, of the traditional textbook "problems of philosophy" has been underestimated, that pragmatists have lumped real problems together with pseudo-problems in a feckless orgy of "dissolution"; (3) the sense that something important would be lost if Philosophy as an autonomous discipline were to fade from the cultural scene (in the way in which Theology has faded).

This third motive—the fear of what would happen if there were merely philosophy, but no Philosophy—is not simply the defensive reaction of specialists threatened with unemployment. It is a conviction that a culture without Philosophy would be "irrationalist"—that a precious human capacity would lie unused, or a central human virtue no longer be exemplified. This motive is shared by many philosophy professors in France and Germany and by many analytic philosophers in Britain and America. The former would like something to do that is not merely the endless, repetitive, literary-historical "de-

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construction" of the "Western metaphysics of presence" which was Heidegger's legacy. The latter would like to recapture the spirit of the early logical positivists, the sense that philosophy is the accumulation of "results" by patient, rigorous, preferably cooperative work on precisely stated problems. So philosophy professors on the Continent are casting longing glances toward analytic philosophy—and particularly toward the "realist" analytic philosophers who take Philosophical problems seriously. Conversely, admirers of "Continental" philosophy (e.g., of Nietzsche, Heidegger, Derrida, Gadamer, Foucault) are more welcome in American and British departments of, for example, comparative literature and political science, than in departments of philosophy. On both continents there is fear of Philosophy's losing its traditional claim to "scientific" status and of its relegation to "the merely literary."

Realists fear that if there is nothing quasi-scientific for philosophy as an academic discipline to do, if there is no properly professional subject matter which distinguishes the philosophy professor from the historian or the literary critic, then something will have been lost which has been central to Western intellectual life. This fear is, to be sure, justified. If Philosophy disappears, something will have been lost which was central to Western intellectual life—just as something central was lost when religious intuitions were weeded out from among the intellectually respectable candidates for Philosophical articulation. But the Enlightenment thought, rightly, that what would succeed religion would be *better*. The pragmatist is betting that what succeeds the "scientific," positivist culture which the Enlightenment produced will be *better*.

THE QUESTION of whether the pragmatist is right to be so sanguine is the question of whether a culture is imaginable, or desirable, in which no one—or at least no intellectual—believes that we have, deep down inside us, a criterion for telling when we are in touch with reality or not, when we are in the Truth. This would be a culture in which neither the priests nor the physicists nor the poets nor the Party were thought of as more "rational," or more "scientific" or "deeper" than one another. No particular portion of culture would be singled out as exemplifying

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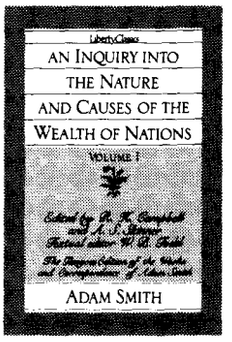

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(or signally failing to exemplify) the condition to which the rest aspired. There would be no sense that, beyond the current intradisciplinary criteria, which, for example, good priests or good physicists obeyed, there were other, transdisciplinary, transcultural, ahistorical criteria, which they also obeyed. There would still be hero-worship in such a culture, but it would not be worship of heroes as children of the gods, as marked off from the rest of mankind by closeness to the immortal. It would simply be admiration of exceptional men and women who were very good at doing the quite diverse kinds of things they did. Such people would not be those who knew a Secret, who had won through to the Truth, but simply people who were good at being human.

A fortiori, such a culture would contain nobody called "the Philosopher" who could explain why and how certain areas of culture enjoyed a special relation to reality. Such a culture would, doubtless, contain specialists in seeing how things hung together. But these would be people who had no special "problems" to solve, nor any special "method" to apply, abided by no particular disciplinary standards, had no collective self-image as a "profession." They might resemble contemporary philosophy professors in being more interested in the articulation of sentences than in that of the human body, but they might not. They would be all-purpose intellectuals who were ready to offer a view on pretty much anything, in the hope of making it hang together with everything else.

Such a hypothetical culture strikes both Platonists and positivists as "decadent." The Platonists see it as having no ruling principle, no center, no structure. The positivists see it as having no respect for hard fact, for that area of culture—science—in which the quest for objective truth takes precedence over emotion and opinion. The Platonists would like to see a culture guided by something eternal. The positivists would like to see one guided by something temporal—the brute impact of the way the world is. But both want it to be *guided*, constrained, not left to its own devices. For both, decadence is a matter of unwillingness to submit oneself to something "out there"—to recognize that beyond the languages of men and women there is something to which these languages, and the men and women themselves, must try to be "adequate." For both, therefore, Philosophy as the discipline which draws a line between such attempts at adequacy and everything else in culture, and so between first-rate and second-rate truth, is bound up with the struggle against decadence.

So the question of whether such a post-Philosophical culture is desirable can also be put as the question: can the ubiquity of language ever really be taken seriously? Can we see ourselves as never encountering reality *except under a chosen description*—as, in Nelson Goodman's phrase, making worlds rather than finding them? This question has nothing to do with "idealism"—with the suggestion that we can or should draw metaphysical comfort from the fact that reality is "spiritual in nature." It is, rather, the question of whether we can give up what Stanley Cavell calls the "possibility that one among endless true descriptions of me tells who I am." The hope that one of them will do just that is the impulse which, in our present culture, drives the youth to read their way through libraries, cranks to claim that they have found The Secret which makes all things plain, and sound scientists and scholars, toward the ends of their lives, to hope that their work has "philosophical implication" and "universal human significance." In a post-Philosophical culture, some other hope would drive us to read through the libraries, and to add new volumes to the ones we found. Presumably it would be the hope of offering our descendants a way of describing the ways of describing we had come across—a description of the descriptions which the race has come up with so far. If one takes "our time" to be "our view of previous times," so that, in Hegelian fashion, each age of the world recapitulates all the earlier ones, than a post-Philosophical culture would agree with Hegel that philosophy is "its own time apprehended in thoughts."

In a post-Philosophical culture it would be clear that this is *all* philosophy can be. It cannot answer questions about the relation of the thought of our time—the descriptions it is using, the vocabularies it employs—to something which is not just some alternative vocabulary. So it is a study of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the various ways of talking which our race has invented. It looks, in short, much like what is sometimes called "culture criticism"—a term which has come to name the literary-historical-anthropological-political merry-go-round I spoke of earlier. The modern Western "culture critic"

WHITBY JET

Quarried from veined, brooding cliffs,
brought down to rows of men
carving pendants, earrings, buttons

until their faces are seamed with its dust,
hands slick with rank oils,
until the soft coal's scratched into bloom:

jet's cheap jewelry advertising grief—
so many years for a father
whose lungs turned black, for a son

whose photo in death's finery swings
in a locket with a wisp of hair.
Boat splintered on rocks mocking shore,

no family not swept into the undertow
of brooches bearing names doubly lost—
Bertha, Mabel, Ernestina, Georgette—

to us and their owners. The pins show
no trace of stone before the first,
irreparable cut, before the workshop's floor

turned black with flakes, before driftwood's
pressured decay, time's slow decomposition
into grief, insufficient

to bring back anything whole.

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feels free to comment on anything at all. He is a prefiguration of the all-purpose intellectual of a post-Philosophical culture, the philosopher who has abandoned pretensions to Philosophy. His specialty is seeing similarities and differences between great big pictures, between attempts to see how things hang together. He is the person who tells you how all the ways of making things hang together hang together. But, since he does not tell you about how all *possible* ways of making things hang together *must* hang together—since he has no extrahistorical Archimedean point of this sort—he is doomed to become outdated. Nobody is so passé as the intellectual czar of the previous generation.

The life of such inhabitants of Snow's "literary culture," whose highest hope is to grasp their time in thought, appears to the Platonist and the positivist as a life not worth living—because it is a life that leaves nothing permanent behind. In contrast, positivist and Platonist Philosophers hope to leave behind true propositions—inheritances for the human race unto all generations. The fear and distrust inspired by "historicism"—the emphasis on the mortality of the vocabularies in which such supposedly immortal truths are expressed—is the reason why Hegel (and more recently Thomas Kuhn and Foucault) are *bêtes noires* for Philosophers, and especially of spokesmen for Snow's "scientific culture."

The most powerful reason for thinking that no such culture is possible is that seeing all criteria as no more than temporary resting-places, constructed by a community to facilitate its inquiries, seems morally humiliating. Suppose that Socrates was wrong, that we have *not* once seen the Truth, and so will not, intuitively, recognize it when we see it again. This means that when the secret police come, when the torturers violate the innocent, there is nothing to be said to them of the form "There is something within you which you are betraying. Though you embody the practices of a totalitarian society which will endure forever, there is something beyond those practices which condemns you." This thought is hard to live with, as is Sartre's remark:

> Tomorrow, after my death, certain people may decide to establish fascism, and the others may be cowardly or miserable enough to let them get away with it. At that moment, fascism will be the truth of man, and so much the worse for us. In reality, things will be as much as man has decided they are.

This hard saying brings out what ties Dewey and Foucault, James and Nietzsche, together—the sense that there is nothing deep down inside us except what we have put there ourselves, no criterion that we have not created in the course of creating a practice, no standard of rationality that is not an appeal to such a criterion, no rigorous argumentation that is not obedience to our own conventions.

A post-Philosophical culture, then, would be one in which men and women felt themselves alone, merely finite, with no links to something Beyond. On the pragmatist's account, positivism was only a halfway stage in the development of such a culture—the progress toward, as Sartre puts it, doing without God. For positivism preserved a god in its notion of Science (and in its notion of "scientific philosophy"), the notion of a part of culture where we touched something not ourselves, where we found Truth naked, relative to no description. The culture of positivism thus produced endless swings of the pendulum between the view that "values are merely 'relative' (or 'emotive,' or 'subjective')" and the view that bringing the "scientific method" to bear on questions of political and moral choice is the solution to all our problems.

Pragmatism, by contrast, does not erect Science as an idol to fill the place once held by God. It views science as one genre of literature—or, put the other way around, literature and the arts as inquiries, on the same footing as scientific inquiries. Thus it sees ethics as neither more "relative" or "subjective" than scientific theory, nor as needing to be made "scientific." Physics is a way of trying to cope with various bits of the universe; ethics is a matter of trying to cope with other bits. Mathematics helps physics do its job; literature and the arts help ethics do its. Some of these inquiries come up with propositions, some with narratives, some with paintings. The question of what propositions to assert, which pictures to look at, what narratives to listen to and comment on and retell, are all questions about what will help us get what we want (and of helping us

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decide what we *should* want).

The question of whether the pragmatist view of truth—that it is not a profitable topic—is itself *true* is thus a question about whether a post-Philosophical culture is a good thing to try for. It is not a question about what the word "true" means, nor about the requirements of an adequate philosophy of language, not about whether the "world exists independently of our minds," nor about whether the intuitions of our culture are captured in the pragmatists' slogans. There is no way in which the issue between the pragmatist and his opponent can be tightened up and resolved according to criteria agreed to by both sides. This is one of those issues which puts everything up for grabs at once—where there is no point in trying to find agreement about "the data" or about what would count as deciding the question. But the messiness of the issue is not a reason for setting it aside. The issue between religion and secularism was no less messy, but it was important that it got decided as it did.

If the account of the contemporary philosophical scene which I have offered is correct, then the issue about the truth of pragmatism is the issue which all the most important cultural developments since Hegel have conspired to put before us. But, like its predecessor, it is not going to be resolved by any sudden new discovery of how things really are. It will be decided, if history allows us the leisure to decide such issues, only by a slow and painful choice between alternative self-images.

BLOODLESS PORN

Mantissa
by John Fowles

(Little, Brown, 192 pp., $13.95)

Not since William Faulkner abetted the publication of *Pylon* has a sillier novel appeared above the signature of a better novelist. No need to review John Fowles's manifest and manifold virtues, his happy way with a yarn (*The Collector* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*), his narrative flexibility (*The Collector* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*), his ambition (*The Magus*), his stamina (the recently revised version of *The Magus*), his learning (*The Aristos*), his humanism (*Daniel Martin*). He has before now written short fictions (*The Ebony Tower*) but never anything so meager, so pinchfist of invention and scruple, so ungenerous. To read *Mantissa* is like watching a train wreck, but a world less interesting and consequential.

Conventions of responsibility demand an account of the scorned story and its givens. Very well. A contemporary novelist, Miles Green, awakes in the gray, puff-padded room (cell?) of a kind of hospital. He has amnesia, does not recognize (nor wish to recollect) his wife. He is slightly more interested in his doctor, called Delphie (for Delphic). She is his muse, one of the nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (or Memory), and the room of course is Green's brain, but in case you don't apprehend this Fowles will tell you as much.

The title, for example. What's a mantissa? A footnote toward the end of the fourth and final chapter quotes the *Oxford English Dictionary*: "An addition of comparatively small importance, especially to a literary effort or discourse." A trifle, if you will, additional dialogue, a footnote indeed. Fowles is determined to think tiny, choosing as his muse, Erato, one of the most obscure of the antique sibs, whose parts Green listlessly manipulates, who listlessly manipulates his own.

Now, there's nothing fundamentally wrong with small things, or ephemera. Small may of course be beautiful, and there is something touchingly human about a writer such as Fowles, who has swung for the fences (if the conceit may travel trans-Atlantic) with such fictions as *Daniel Martin*, peppering the infield with a fungo for a holiday. Such work as Updike's *Bech: A Book* is intrinsically short-lived, thick with *now*, wonderfully temporary and contemporary.

Another novelist might have used such a holiday to play games, daydream, recharge the batteries. Fowles's musings are of a different sort, whatever he may have intended for them. His work has always had a powerful erotic component, but never before so sleazy and mechanical, like a plumbing manual written by the creator of *Deep Throat*. Think of Dr. Harry Reems explaining her peculiar physiology to Linda Lovelace as you listen to Dr. Delphie talk to Miles Green as she works him over:

> The memory nerve-center in the brain is closely associated with the one controlling gonadic activity. We have to check that the latter is functioning normally. This is standard procedure. No reason to feel shy. Now please—close your eyes again.

It may be argued that his awful stuff is bent to comic labor. Argue away. Laugh along as Erato in one of her incarnations as medico, punk rocker ("A black-fingernailed hand rises and slashes down across the strings as a cutthroat razor might slash across a face in Glasgow"), slut, tease, romancer drops Great Names: Verlaine was a sot (we know, we know); Eliot was as fastidious and uncertain in the boudoir as Prufrock; Shakespeare "never managed to summon up in his sessions of sweet silent thought . . . anything so elementary as a bath." Seeking a companion line for "I grant I never saw a goddess go," the Bard got help from Erato: "The reason being, you have B.O."

Innocent, dumb horseplay, a satiric review cobbled together by British sixth formers at public school. A fart and a giggle in chapel during vespers. Certainly the preoccupation here with t & a (awakening in Dr. Delphie's clinic, his own fancy, one of the first things Miles Green is invited to recall is the real title of *A Midwinter Night's Dream*, and two of its principal characters, Bottom and Titania) is conventionally juvenile. No offense, except against prose, to muse about breasts that "were in themselves warm and firm, pleasant handfuls" or about this and that as "he absentmindedly caressed an excited nipple with the end of his tongue."

No, the shame of *Mantissa* is its nastiness, the gloom of weariness that fogs a listless light touch. No sooner does Miles begin to resemble Benny Hill bug-eyeing a babe, "chasing your own tale," than sourness breaks out again. Sappho is "that poor old bent teaspoon on Lesbos," temperature rising to see Erato in her swimsuit: "Of course she

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tried all the usual dyke tricks. Wanted to photograph me in my bikini, and so on."

"And so on" is the signature. No real heart to press forward, show the whole hand. Miles Green's complaining, less a threnody than a whine, is like late-night bellyaching at Elaine's. Modern writing is arid, no one appreciates quality, reviewers don't read the books they review, "how sick one gets of writing—and even sicker of being read." This otherwise unlocalized ennui has earlier had a special reference, to the investigations into *seems* and *is* that have been Fowles's particular strength, what Green here repudiates as "all this crap about reality and unreality." My God, in sympathy with Green's tummyache, the cosmos itself "must one day fall in on itself out of sheer horror at its own asininely repetitive futility."

The whole of *Mantissa* couldn't possibly be as bad as the parts I have displayed, and it isn't. The final chapter is crisp and smart (or crisper and smarter) than the first three, a languid bedroom battle-farce with badinage of a better quality than this: " . . . I wouldn't touch you with a bargepole. . . . You needn't worry. I'd rather be raped by a band of orangutans."

The most troubling aspect of *Mantissa* is the considerable evidence to suggest that Fowles disbelieves utterly in its givens. Surely he has made previous references in his work, lightly, to the Muses. But he has also written, from what seems to have been the heart, that writing, unlike screenplaying, and unlike a collaboration between a Muse and her mouthpiece, is *not* a community work project. Returning from location for the film of *The Magus*, Fowles wrote of his "faith in the novel. For all its faults, it is a statement by one person. In my novels I am the producer, director, and all the actors. . . . "

Or does the heart not recognize what the mind asserts? If *Mantissa* is about anything, and it isn't about much, its subject is manipulation and dominion. Fowles has often been charged with being a "manipulative" novelist, which is no charge at all, merely a tautology. By this his critics resent something duplicitous in his plots and narrative shifts, something I have always admired, an opening rather than foreclosing of possibilities. Even when the magician has seemed the most admiring fan of his own trick, there has been energy in the illusion, wonder in it. The manipulations here, however, are dutifully despotic, arbitrary, shows of force, habitual, unreflecting.

In the same 1968 essay in which he celebrated the singularity of the novel's creation, Fowles remarked that "my female characters tend to dominate the male." This was a curious, interestingly rich aside from the author of *The Collector*, told by a man who kidnaps a young woman to *have* as he has the butterflies he likewise collects. But she tells her side, too, and in this world narrative rules. In the sexual combat of *Mantissa*'s bloodless porn, man's contempt for woman is as plain and simple as woman's for man, a question of which rider spurs which horse. Human creatures are not so diminished as *Mantissa* pretends to believe.

I'm sorry it rained on Fowles's holiday.

GEOFFREY WOLFF

Geoffrey Wolff's most recent book is *The Duke of Deception* (Random House). He is at work on his fourth novel.

JOURNALS OF A NARCISSIST

The Book of Concord
Thoreau's Life as a Writer
by William Howarth

(Viking, 219 pp., $18.95)

This book takes us on a low-keyed and admiring stroll through the copious journals of Concord's wayward son, Henry D. Thoreau. Professor Howarth has read all two million words of the journals and has sought out missing pages and dismembered portions of the manuscript in the libraries of the American continent. As one of the editors of the Princeton "complete" Thoreau, now in progress, he speaks with considerable authority on all textual matters. But he is somewhat less authoritative in his interpretation of the vast amount of raw data he has gathered. There is somehow a want of "distance" from his subject; he is too close, too easily admiring, too defensive.

He has carefully walked Thoreau's Concord paths; he has visited the scenes of Thoreau's active nature note-taking. He has even canoed the Webster Stream in Maine where Thoreau ran into trouble, and wrecked his own canoes in a heavy stretch of the rapids. He tells us ruefully, "I remember standing in icy water on lacerated feet, trying to calculate the miles to safety—and silently asking why I was not on the trail of Henry James." What he does not know is that James's trails cannot be as literally followed—unless one went horseback riding because James did in Italy, or walked over the Alps, as he also did when he was young. Howarth has tried almost too literally to emulate Thoreau in the apparently misguided belief that he will know his man best by imitating him. He forgets that a biographer and a critic must be himself before he can know his subject.

We tend to read journals for their intimacy, their revelations of privacy, their personal history, their posture before a verbal mirror, and also for life detail, fact, gossip, history, eccentricity. This is what in our time gave importance and interest to André Gide's journals, to Anaïs Nin's, to Thoreau's friend Emerson's, to Edmund Wilson's. Thoreau's journals, when I read them some years ago, in a great many volumes, struck me as among the more impersonal documents of literary history. The account of a man's days from his twentieth year to the time of his death at forty-five can have many moments of tedium and repetition. What I remember most is the absence of emotion in the pages, even when Thoreau is observing humans rather than animals or vegetables. He romanticizes and philosophizes constantly, and Emerson's remark about him—"must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort, and joy"—characterizes him sharply. We encounter many commonplace remarks offered in a lofty tone of discovery. "The poet must keep himself unstained and aloof," is an example of

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the generalized self-injunction. What kind of pure poet is he envisaging? Of aloofness, alas, we have too much altogether: aloofness means alienation in Thoreau's case.

Howarth wanders in a chronological way through Thoreau's pages, attempting to touch the highlights and presenting biographical detail long known, much of which needs to be looked at again very carefully. I found myself nagged by a constant feeling that a single volume of selections from the journals would have been more effective than this guided tour. For Howarth neither adds up his data, nor tries to take a careful look at Thoreau himself, his motivations, acerbities, troubles, which caused him to seek to be a writer all his life. It was for this that he seems to have kept his journal—from which he quarried one masterpiece, *Walden*, and one interesting record of a journey, the trip on the Concord and Merrimack rivers.

HOWARTH is generally ready to accept Thoreau's views without scrutinizing them critically. Thus Thoreau blames his "severe headaches" one summer on the heat and the humidity. Howarth echoes this without asking himself whether Thoreau's diagnosis might have been wrong.

"These entries," Howarth explains, "do not mean that his life had dried up, only that he was writing less." A modern diagnosis might have suggested that those headaches could have been rage headaches; we know that suppressed rage of this kind does drain energy and in a sense dries one up. It is this kind of commentary that seems to me to obfuscate rather than illuminate the journals.

The portrait of Thoreau behind his screen of words may be seen as that of an ambitious man without the force to act. He clings desperately to himself, and his narcissism constantly frustrates his purpose. "My journal," Thoreau writes,

> should be a record of my love. . . . I have no more distinctness or pointedness in my yearnings than an expanding bud. . . . I feel ripe for something, yet do nothing, can't discover what that thing is.

The bud blossomed once to produce *Walden*. And then it shriveled.

Howarth's central thesis is that Thoreau's journals were his great work of art; "the long years of writing in his Journal had not been wasted," he argues, "for through its pages he had come to see Concord as a metaphor for the world." Thoreau had seen Concord as resembling Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon, and Howarth's commentary on this amusing delusion is, "Though Concord had earned Thoreau far less fame, he was glad to have been its principal historian." He overlooks—as did Thoreau—the fact that Shakespeare became Shakespeare by leaving Stratford and going out into the world of the theater and reaching out in a kind of supreme humanity to become a knower of mankind. Thoreau stayed at home and had difficulty knowing himself, even though like Narcissus he admired what he saw in the waters of Walden pond.

And are the journals a history of Concord? No one reading them finds anything but the repetition of the seasons, goodly passages of beauty and delight, but a kind of reading of the world into the small-scale life of a small town. Great personages lived in that town, Emerson at one end and Hawthorne at the other; so did many curious characters like the Alcotts and other worthies. But their history is not set down in Thoreau's pages. Thoreau could fall in love with an oak tree, but it was more difficult to love human beings. "A morbid dislike of humanity," Walt Whitman said after meeting Thoreau; "he couldn't put his life into any other life." Howarth puts this the other way around: "Thoreau was using the Journal to mirror his love—not for himself but for Concord." Yet every sentence proclaims self-love, rather than love of others. Thoreau's fate was the fate of a Narcissus. And in his journal we can see the many facets of his thwarted genius, or, as Thoreau himself called it, his "crooked genius."

Thoreau's great achievements were the myths he unwittingly created: the myth of man alone with nature, the myth of man gaining strength through civil disobedience. His journals, far from being a work of art, are the account books of a tragic life.

LEON EDEL

Leon Edel's most recent book, his collected papers in literary psychology, *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams*, was published by Harper & Row earlier this year. The third volume of his edition of Edmund Wilson's journals will be published in February.

SELECTIVE AFFINITIES

Yes to Life: Memoirs of Corliss Lamont

(Horizon Press, 220 pp., $14.95)

Although Corliss Lamont's life was reasonably interesting—a fair balance of good breeding, wealth, political activism, worldwide travel, warm family ties, and friendships with many famous people—his memoirs are not by themselves especially absorbing. *Yes to Life* is nonetheless one of those books that are thought-provoking and significant in ways quite independent of, or even contrary to, their authors' intentions. It is a case study of sorts that allows readers so inclined to pursue various interesting and consequential sociological and social-psychological phenomena of our times.

Corliss Lamont was born into a wealthy family of Scottish descent. His father "became in 1911 a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., the leading banking firm in the United States, and in 1943 Chairman of the Board." He describes both of his parents as "highly cultured and politically sensitive." He acknowledges that he "inherited from his parents more money than I could put to intelligent personal use" and consequently gave much of it away for what he considered "the good of [his] fellow human beings." He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College, and Columbia University. After teaching at Columbia for four years, he resigned and devoted his life to the moral and material support of various radical causes, writing, and travel; and he served on the board of the American Civil Liberties Union between 1932 and 1945. He wrote or edited twenty-one books, among them *Russia Day by Day* (1933, with Margaret Lamont), *The Peoples of the Soviet Union* (1946), and *Soviet Civilization*

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(1952 and 1955). He describes himself as "an independent, free-wheeling radical," "a left liberal or moderate radical," an opponent of "all theories of universal determinism," a fighter for freedom, one engaged in "permanent rebellion" (even as he is approaching eighty). He ends this book by averring that "we should continue to resist and combat misguided men and evil institutions as long as our hearts go on beating."

SUCH ARE the bare outlines of Corliss Lamont's life and aspirations. I think there are several circumstances that make Mr. Lamont's musings and recollections—and his entire life—emblematic. A man of wealth and comfort turned social critic, he personified a social-psychological process that we still don't properly understand, widespread as the phenomenon has been in the United States and elsewhere. The life and beliefs of Corliss Lamont also exemplify the paradox of high-minded and gentle individuals ending up as apologists of, or at least sympathizers with, exceedingly brutal political systems. Mr. Lamont's public life and utterances also illustrate the phenomenon of double standards in political judgment so striking in our times among people who are finely tuned to the defects of their own society yet regularly overlook the flaws and outrages of political systems they designate as superior to their own. And last, this book provides many occasions to reflect on the inability (or limited ability) to learn from the past and the tremendous weight of past political commitments.

Although Mr. Lamont now claims that his attitude toward the Soviet Union "has *all along* been that of critical sympathy [my emphasis]," it is hard to find that critical component in his earlier books. On the contrary, he had no patience with critics of the U.S.S.R.; in 1933 (in his *Russia Day by Day*) he claimed that American tourists critical of the Soviet Union merely converted minor discomforts into social criticism. As for him, there was hardly any facet of Soviet society he did not find admirable. It was in 1933 that he explained that people had no savings in Russia because there was no need for them, so well did the state provide for all their needs.

To be sure, Mr. Lamont was far from singular in so perceiving the Soviet system in the early 1930s; what is more remarkable is his reluctance to go beyond the grudging and qualified admission of his misjudgments. Indeed, his visit in 1959 (a time by which most earlier pro-Soviet enthusiasts had fallen by the wayside) and his account of it in this book could have come out of a travelogue of the 1930s.

To give Mr. Lamont his due, he does admit in this book that while Stalin was in power the U.S.S.R. was "one of the most cruel and violent dictatorships in history, culminating in the judicial frame-up of Soviet leaders in the Moscow Trials (1935-38)." But, like the Soviet authorities, Mr. Lamont doesn't seem to think that the Soviet system has been at all compromised by what went on under Stalin or, for that matter, before and after Stalin. As far as post-Stalin conditions are concerned, he brings himself to admit that the Soviet Union "still falls short of being a true democracy," a statement somewhat similar to one which would claim that Nazi Germany fell short of according complete respect for all ethnic groups. As others before him, he finds mitigation of the lack of civil liberties in the missing democratic traditions of Russia (and China and Vietnam), a courtesy he would certainly not extend to South Korea, present-day Turkey, Taiwan, Argentina, and a host of other right-wing dictatorships similarly lacking in democratic traditions. Like other sympathizers with Marxist one-party states, he too feels that since the United States is

> far from having attained the democratic ideals that our forefathers wrote into the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights . . . an element of hypocrisy taints our criticism of the failing of democracy in foreign lands.

Naturally this is said in the context of criticizing Soviet authoritarianism. Mr. Lamont and those of his persuasion never faltered in their criticism of, say, South Africa or Spain under Franco (and other non-Marxist dictatorships) because of the imperfections of American political institutions. Mr. Lamont would not visit Spain under Franco but he had no scruples about visiting Russia under Stalin and China under Mao. This consistent selectivity in moral indignation and compassion is revealed throughout the book, as in the dismissive aside about the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong "naturally . . . bitterly anti-Communist."

Mr. Lamont's visit to China in the spring of 1976 was a close replay of his Soviet visits. All was well in China, including the hotel accommodations ("first rate") and food ("quite good on the whole"). Few Chinese were ill-fed, the school visited was splendid and the children "staged a marvellous ballet" for his party which consisted of twenty-three other American "political activists." But in the Sino-Soviet dispute Mr. Lamont comes down on the Soviet side although despairing of the friction between the two. He mused, "Perhaps we need an American Association for Chinese-Soviet Friendship." Again, as one reads his criticism of China for its aggression against Vietnam, it is hard to avoid thinking how he managed to overlook the Soviet aggression against the East Germans in 1953, the Hungarians in 1956, the Czechs in 1968, the Baltic people after World War II, the Afghans in the present, etc. I suppose that, if pressed, he may admit that none of those actions were especially commendable but were necessary to defend socialism from CIA intrigues (or the misguided, nationalistic demands of inhabitants of these nations)—but the point is that such matters just would not come up. Perception is indeed selective. Is it possible to establish the roots of such a

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world view, such a predisposition? What looms in the background of all these one-sided moral concerns?

We can probably eliminate the motive of rebellion against familial background; his family was apparently encouraging, directly and indirectly, the author to head in the direction of social criticism and well-intentioned armchair radicalism. Mr. Lamont tells us that his father took a "vital interest in the Soviet Union" when he was still a schoolboy. The Depression certainly played a predictable part in his political development, prompting him "to explore systematically the possibilities of the Socialist alternative." Well before, while at Harvard College in 1924, he proposed inviting speakers such as Eugene V. Debs, William Z. Foster, and Scott Nearing. Whether any conscious or subconscious unease about having so much unearned money around entered into the evolution of his political ideals we shall never be able to establish conclusively. Mr. Lamont, for one, is assured that "the deciding factor in my being won to Socialism was not some emotional urge but the uncompromising use of intelligence."

ONCE THE ATTRACTION of the ideals of socialism was firmly in place, the mistaken identification of specific countries (notably the U.S.S.R.) as socialist followed, and he no longer had any great difficulty ignoring or screening out evidence that would have suggested that the societies calling themselves socialist, foremost among them the Soviet Union, represented little if any improvement over Western capitalist democracies. Indeed, one of the most remarkable aspects of these memoirs is their indication of how little their author's views have changed over half a century, and how deeply they remain permeated by the perspectives of the 1920s, and in some respects of the nineteenth century. Thus, for example, he tells us that socialism "can unlock to the fullest extent the economic potentialities of the machine age with its scientific techniques"; that "socialist planning for abundance, democratically administered, permanently overcomes the contradictions of capitalism"; that "socialist planning would release and coordinate frustrated talents"—without stopping to pause once to ask where these appealing developments have taken place. In the countries of socialist realism where people are routinely jailed for their ideas, the countries of curtained limousines, special stores, and special clinics, in the lands of massive corruption, bribery, and stealing "public" property? One can only marvel at this resolve to avoid juxtaposing the ideal to reality, which alone makes it possible to retain, to hang on to, the ideal.

Familiar as many of these attitudes are in their general outlines, certain particulars of the case remain baffling. How could this man of good will—a "foremost exponent of civil liberties" and a free thinker whose major belief had been "that men's minds should be critical and free from control by any authority whatsoever"—feel so much warmth toward societies which crushed the slightest manifestations of the critical spirit and concentrated unprecedented resources on controlling men's minds, political systems where authority was not only intolerant of criticism but insisted on fawning adulation? Surely such contradictory attitudes do not emerge and persist so stubbornly through "the uncompromising use of intelligence."

It may well be true, as Mr. Lamont proposes, that "The factors that bring people to or toward the Left are human sympathy and compassion plus reason or intelligence. . . ." However, when this magic "Left" remains identified with countries like the Soviet Union, China, or Vietnam, one has reason to wonder how great a part remains to be played by "reason and intelligence" in the maintenance of such commitments.

PAUL HOLLANDER

Paul Hollander is the author of *Political Pilgrims: Travels of Western Intellectuals to the Soviet Union, China and Cuba, 1928-1978* (Oxford University Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

this is my opinion but documented history, as my book makes clear.

As a result of these and many other facts, figures, speeches, letters, and eyewitness reports, all of which are in my book, along with documented accounts of British footdragging in the face of a famine unprecedented in the history of Western civilization, I accuse Great Britain in *Paddy* of unconscionable neglect in its treatment of the Irish Catholic peasantry, all of whom, it must be remembered, were British subjects from the time of the misbegotten Union with Great Britain in 1800. But nowhere do I use the word genocide, much less hint or suggest that the British government was involved in such a scheme.

Mr. Lyons waits until he has read the very last sentence of my book, in which I use the verb "do in." At that point he jumps with alacrity at the genocide theory, a theory nowhere expressed in my book. No other reviewer in America uses the word "genocidal" or interprets my use of "do in" to mean "kill." It also means "wear out," "defeat," "exhaust," "injure," "ruin," etc. and anyone reading my book would know that I meant by "do in" all the other meanings. For centuries the British government *did, in fact*, try to wear out, defeat, exhaust, injure, and ruin the Irish Catholic peasantry. Is Mr. Lyons trying to deny this documented history?

THOMAS GALLAGHER
New York, New York

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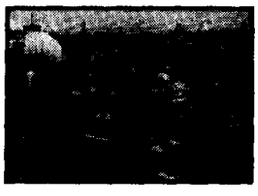

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MONTANA DIARIST

The Death of a Smelter

WHEN PEOPLE in southwestern Montana talk about the scrapping of the Anaconda smelter, they don't say "deindustrialization." They call it a shame or an outrage. The once mighty Anaconda Minerals Company, now owned by Arco, abruptly closed its huge works in the town of Anaconda in September 1980, citing pollution control problems. The shutdown wiped out about 1,100 jobs and 8 percent of the nation's copper-smelting capacity. Not long ago everything movable at the plant went on the auction block. Soon a contractor will start the three-year job of tearing down the complex, including the 585-foot-high smokestack that has scarred Deer Lodge Valley since 1919. Plagued by losses, "the Company," as it's called here, has also scrapped its Great Falls refinery, slashed its work force, and stopped pumping water from idled mines in Butte. One Butte pit is still operating. The ore is processed in Japan.

NEVER HAVING SEEN a smelter, I joined four local journalists on a quick tour of the nearly deserted plant. We followed a company engineer through vast, dimly lit buildings, past massive converters and electric furnaces four stories high. We took pictures of the copper-encrusted ladles from which molten metal was poured. We walked through the powerhouse where hundreds of motors sat, tagged for the auction. We drove past the tin shop, the pipe shop, an old acid plant, and the multimillion-dollar systems that had cut pollution immensely, but not enough. We wound up on the hilltop at the base of the stack, looking down at the 1,400-acre complex where thousands of men used to work, at the worn town outside the plant gate, at the sprawling slag heaps and tailings dumps that the company is obliged to reclaim. I still had not really seen a smelter. I had seen an industrial ghost town, depreciated, written off.

WHAT BECOMES SURPLUS when a large plant goes down? You name it. Thirteen locomotives, thirty-three muckers, five crushers, fourteen cranes. Uncounted pumps, pipe threaders, ore cars. Miles of cable. Tons of steel. Well over 200,000 bricks. Power tools. Hand tools. Switches. Lumber. Fire extinguishers. File cabinets. Lab equipment. Lunch tables. Gears, gaskets, grommets, and what the auction brochure called "EXTREMELY LARGE INVENTORY BOLTS!" The auction took two weeks. It drew contractors and parts merchants from all over, local bargain-hunters, ex-employees, and scrap dealers dismayed by the volume of stuff going onto a market already depressed. According to one harried auction manager, the sale, with proceeds around $3 million, may have been "the longest auction ever, the most diverse, and certainly the largest in tonnage."

DURING THE PRE-AUCTION open house, with shoppers and gawkers wandering around, the smelter seemed even more like a historic site during visiting hours. I followed one browser and his son into the carpenter shop, where large signs warned, DO NOT STARTLE MEN WORKING ON MACHINERY. While the man inspected power tools, the boy chased a chipmunk around the room. In the cavernous warehouse, burly men with clipboards took notes about heavy equipment, building materials, and barrels of parts. In one corner were perhaps fifty bales of old clothes (tagged Lot A-985). I asked someone what those were for. "Rags," he answered. "For wiping machinery, wiping your hands, stuffing in holes in slurry cars. A thousand men used a lot of rags." Everywhere was the litter of retreat: hardhats and playing cards left in lockers, equations scrawled on laboratory blackboards, quart jars of copper samples labeled 1978. A parts dealer from Tacoma came across a stray box of old employee records. One 5x8 card gave the work history of a Paul T. Estell, born in Iowa in 1900, lived at 611 Walnut, started work 10/3/28, on strike 5/7/34, returned 9/20/34. The last entry was in 1936. "That was my father," Bob Estell said. "I grew up at 611 Walnut. The company must have changed records systems in 1936, because my dad worked here until he died in 1959."

IDLING OUTSIDE the general offices were an electrician and a machinist, both about 30, who had worked here making $13.56 an hour until the plant died. Since their unemployment and company benefits ran out, they have been earning "a fourth as much, maybe," by "scratching" at numerous jobs. Some of their friends have health or marital problems; some have left the area to seek work. About half the town lives on pensions. "Sure, it's rough, but we'll make it," the electrician said. "People here are born tough. They're scratchers." Like others in this town, these men blamed Arco for the plant's demise. They knew first hand Anaconda's problems with high costs, health and safety rules, and strong unions. ("Another guy and I shut this whole hill down once over a grievance," the electrician recalled). They also knew that copper prices had plummeted. Still, they said, the industry has always been cyclical. If Arco had been less impatient, more willing to scratch. . . . "I think they bought the company for the mineral rights and the water rights, and for a big tax write-off. I don't think they had any intention of keeping this place going," the mechanic said.

IN PHONE CONVERSATIONS later, Arco executives in Denver said that despite large investments, the smelter had proved to be too old and dirty to meet legal standards and to compete with modern foreign plants. New American smelters—huge, clean, and located near seaports—are desirable "if only for national security reasons," a spokesman said. But even in better times, big oil may be unable or unwilling to commit the billions required. It would have been fitting to discuss the new era with Arco strategists while wandering through the Anaconda remains. But the planners, like the industry's future, were elsewhere; only the casualties of change were nearby. So I rode down the hill with Boyd DeTonancour, 25, a laid-off pipefitter who had landed a job with the auction crew. He had worked at the smelter for eight years. His father had put in 30 years there. "Counting two uncles, my two brothers and four or five cousins, we figured once that our family had worked here at least 175 years," he said. This fall he may sign up to help tear the plant down.

CARRIE JOHNSON

Carrie Johnson is a freelance writer based in Washington, D.C., who has been in Montana researching the history of Butte and the copper industry.

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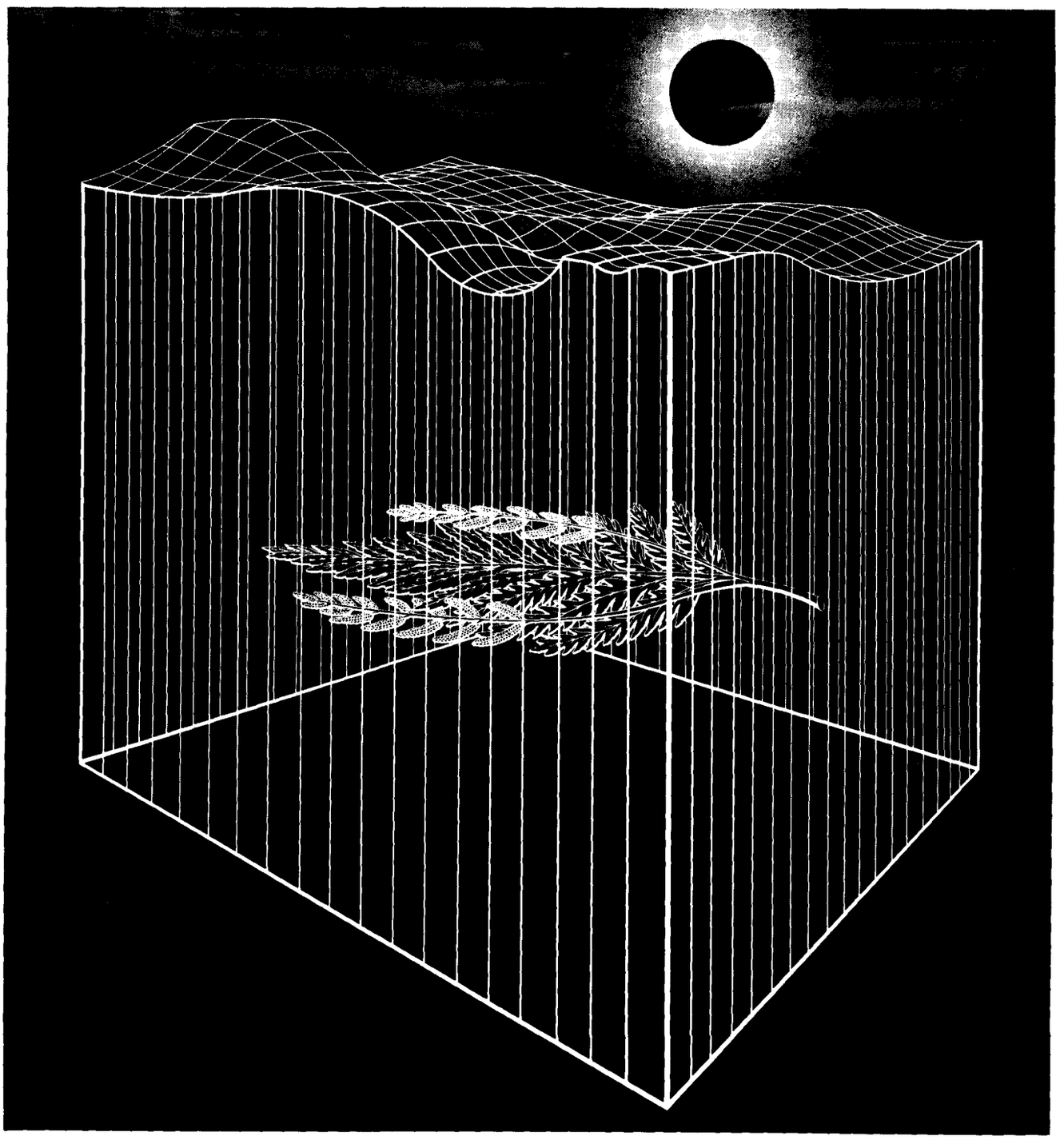

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Kings Reg.: 7 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December '81.

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